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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER II.

The march of the Claddagh men through the city was, as usual, a continued triumph. St. John's Day, of all the year, brought them collectively before the citizens, and in their annual visit to every part of the old town they generally met with a cordial welcome. It was just the hour when tradesmen and laborers were returning from their daily toil, and crowds of them assembled in every open space to exchange a friendly greeting with "the Claddagh boys." At every corner, and in every window, men, women, and children were seen waiting their coming, all eager to have a share in their joyous enthusiasm, all prepared to laugh at and with the grotesquely-clad maskers whose appearance as the heralds and van of the procession was anxiously looked for. Their approach was announced, long before they came in sight, by their humorous objurgations to the crowds of boys and girls who *would* bar their progress do as they might. In fact people seemed to get in the way with malice propense for the pure sake of being driven out of it in such comical fashion by such comical wights. Ever as the procession moved on, many a hearty "God speed ye, boys!" and many a "Hurrah for the Claddagh!" followed it on its way, and even in the more aristocratic parts of the city, windows and balconies were crowded with ladies and gentlemen who not only honored the hardy fishermen with smiles, but threw handsome donations into the box provided for the purpose, and carried by a quaintly-dressed youth profusely ornamented with shells and flowers. These *largesses* were annually given by the wealthy inhabitants to the sturdy fellows who provided their tables all the year with piscal luxuries.

"There, boys, there's a sovereign to drink my health," said a fine-looking man of nearly middle age, who stood with some ladies in a balcony in Spanish Place. He spoke in the regular Claddagh patois, and the fishermen gave him a hearty cheer.

"Long life to your honor, maybe we won't drink it!"

"It's you that was always a friend to the Claddagh!"

"Glory and honor to you, Mr. Fitzstephen!"

"Another cheer for Mr. Fitzstephen!—hurrah!"

"And not forgetting the ladies, long life to them!"

The ladies smiled, Fitzstephen bowed, and made a sign that he wanted to speak. There was instant silence.

"Boys," said he, after surveying his auditory for a moment, you know I'm your friend—don't you?"

"Hard fortune to them that would deny it your honor!"

"Well, listen to me, now!" Dead silence. "When are you going to try the trawling?"*

This question was evidently unexpected, and just as evidently unwelcome. The Claddagh men looked at each other, and their faces darkened. A low rumbling sound ran through their ranks, like the angry murmur of their own bay which announces the coming storm. All seemed anxious to speak but restrained themselves through respect for their Admiral, who might alone answer on such a subject. All eyes were turned on him, including those of Fitzstephen, his mother, and sisters. The shades of evening were already darkening, but the old man's eyes were clearly visible flashing with angry light. Yet when he spoke his voice was calm, preternaturally calm.

"We'll never try it, Mr. Fitzstephen—*never!* How often must we say it over and over!—we'll have none of your new-fangled tricks or notions and they're no friend that would ask us?"

"But, Randal! my good friend, hear me——"

"Not a word, your honor! not one word—if it's about the trawling—if it's not—say what you like—only don't keep us long!"

"Well! I only just wanted, now that I see you all together, to give you my honest advice. Many of you might be rich men to-day had you been persuaded years ago to try our plan."

"Mr. Fitz!" said Randal with stern determination, "I tell you now, once for all, that we'd sooner sink our hookers, every man of us, than see them turned into trawlers. Get along there, will you? the night is coming on!"

"Well! well!" said Fitzstephen, "I would befriend you, boys, but you won't let me—pass on, and I wish you a pleasant evening."

Another parting cheer for the Fitzstephen family, the maskers soused their bladders in the mud, and shook them dripping over the heads of the gaping crowd. A general laugh followed, and a general scamper, the poles, and the banners were again in motion and on went the long procession, winding its way through narrow, angular streets, and under quaint old arches; stopping here and there before the mansions of the wealthy townsmen to receive, unasked, the expected *douceur* and regale their benefactors with the harmonious strains which gladdened the heart of old King Cole, that "merry old soul" renowned in convivial song. The head of the procession was at length approaching the gate which leads to the Claddagh when a party of coal-porters, apparently lounging around without any particular purpose, raised a derisive cheer.

"I say, Bill!" said one of these sturdy, coal-begrimed fellows in a voice loud enough to be heard by those for whom it was meant, "I say, Bill, don't you hate this fishy smell?—faugh! it's enough to make one sick!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed the person addressed, a tall, strapping fellow whose sinewy frame was almost gigantic in its proportions, "suppose we burn a tar-barrel after they pass to purify the air!" The words were hardly out of his head when a shower of mud from the bladder on Shan Driscol's pole bespattered him from head to foot. Before Bill had recovered the effect of the shock, a similar compliment was paid his comrade by Tom Halligan, the other masker, whereupon the Claddagh men laughed and shouted:

"More power there, boys!" cried Randal himself from behind, "paint their white mugs for them,—since they don't like the smell of fish, give them something else to smell!"

By this time a number of other coal-heavers had darted out of lanes and alleys, where they had evidently been lying in wait, so that the party was considerably strengthened. Before Bill and his friend had got the dirt rubbed from their eyes, some others of their company jostled the musicians, and some again placed themselves right in front of the maskers.

Get out of the way there, will you?" cried Shan Driscoll, and he aimed a blow with his long pole at the heads of those in front of him; "get out of the way, or we'll walk over you."

"Ah! maybe you wouldn't now!" said the gigantic Bill, now thoroughly recovered and primed for mischief; "you wouldn't think of such a thing!" and with one hand he wrenched the pole from Shan's grasp while with the other he struck him such a blow on the chest that he staggered and would have fallen had not one from behind caught him by the arm.

In an instant all was confusion—the poles and the banners went down as if by magic, the music suddenly came to a stop, and that for the best of reasons, viz.: the arms of the several performers were pinioned to their sides, though, to say the truth, they escaped the blows which fell profusely on all around them. Pipers and fiddlers, and all such *dilettanti* are still a sort of privileged order in Ireland, and habitually respected by the people. Cries the most discordant and the most vociferous rent the air, and the biting taunts flung to and fro amongst the combatants showed that the quarrel was no new one. Still there was nothing murderous, nothing blood-thirsty manifested on either side—plenty of dragging and hauling, boxing and cuffing there was, followed, to be sure, with black eyes and bloody noses, but there were no firearms, no bludgeons, no edged weapons of any kind. It was a regular Irish set-to, on a grand scale—hot and wrathful, and very wordy, but neither dogged nor deadly. There might have been in it somewhat more of malice than is usual in such street-brawls amongst Irish Catholics, owing to the unfortunate occurrence already alluded to. The stoutest champion of the Claddagh had died only a few months before from the effects of a beating given him by these very men, or, at least, some of their fraternity, and the Claddagh men are wont to boast that whoever injures one of them, injures all. There is no doubt, then, that they were glad of the opportunity to have a bout with the black brotherhood, who had now gathered from far and near on hearing of the scuffle. Still the coal-porters were in the minority, and would, in all probability, have got the worst of it had it not been for that chivalrous spirit still latent in the hearts of an Irish mob, which impels them to side with the weaker party. The sympathies of the idle spectators were at first with the Claddagh men, the others being undeniably in fault, and the fishermen being, moreover, the lions of the hour. After a little, however, when the coal-porters began to fall beneath the vigorous blows of their opponents, and were likely to be overpowered by numbers, the case was entirely different,—right or wrong they must be supported.

"Come, boys," cried a thick-set man with a blue blouse thrown over his upper garments, "come boys, this will never do—there's Phil Hannigan down. We can't stand by and see the Claddagh men beating all before them this way!"

"That's my notion too, Ned!—our own's our own after all! By gemini! there's Thady Burke in a bad way—no less than three of them on him!—that's you Thady, my boy!—stand your ground like a man for the honor of Galway—I'm with you!" and the speaker, a butcher of no small renown as a pugilist, went into Thady's quarrel with heart and fist, to the great encouragement of Thady and the serious detriment of the enemy's noses which he pummelled in good style.

Now Ned, the first champion, was a knight of the anvil, and stood in as high repute amongst his craft as the butcher, whose name was Jim Shannon, did in his. Their joint accession, then, was of the last importance to the cause they espoused, and their example was so speedily followed by butchers and smiths that the scale of victory turned and the Claddagh men began to retreat towards the gate. The battle now raged with fury—the angry passions of the multitude were all enlisted—most of them on behalf of the coal-porters—sticks and stones were at length resorted to, and the cry of "The Claddagh for ever!" was drowned in the louder and more tumultuous shouts of "Down with the fishermen!"—"Put them out!"—"Hurrah for Galway and the sky over it!"

Still the Claddagh men kept their ground bravely, notwithstanding the increasing superiority of the enemy's forces. In the thickest of the fight was old Randal seen, wielding a broken pole with the vigor of early manhood. His brave boys, close to his side, shielded him from many a crushing blow, and, however it happened, there was Shan Driscoll too, his tall form conspicuous amongst friends and foes, and his dark face showing fierce and vengeful in the light of the rising moon.

"Down with the black-hearted lubbers!" cried Shan; "give it to them, boys, once for all!" His voice was suddenly stopped by a blow in the mouth from Ned Dwyer's sledge-like fist. Ned's triumph, however, was but for an instant, for Randal's pole descended on his crown with stunning effect—he tottered and fell back insensible amongst his comrades. The Claddagh men seeing his fall cheered vociferously. The townsmen collected their energies for a still fiercer attack, when a strange and unexpected sight arrested all eyes. Through the deep arch of the neighboring gateway rushed a whole troop of the Claddagh women headed by Vara and Maureen O'Hara. Breathless and excited they threw themselves into the midst of the fray, each one, as if by instinct, finding out her own, and clinging to him—father, brother, or husband as he might be—with frantic gestures and cries of terror. Maureen alone was calm and collected—no word escaped her lip, though every feature of her pale face was quivering with emotion. With one hand she embraced her father round the neck, with the other she caught Shan's uplifted arm, and with her commanding voice she silenced old Vara's shrill, piercing scream.

"Not a word now, granny—not a word, for your life and soul!—father dear! don't!—don't strike!—don't for God's sake. Yeman astore, let that man alone—don't you see it's only his left arm he's using?—that's my own good Barney!" To her younger brother, "it's you that's always biddable. Ah then, Shan! would you—would you have the heart now? Oh! for my sake—*for Maureen's sake*—let him go!"

Even in the wild excitement of the moment, amid all the crashing storm of passion, Maureen's last words reached Driscol's heart, and the upraised arm fell by his side. Not so his opponent who aimed a heavy blow at his chest. But Maureen's quick eye saw the danger, and grasping the pole which her father still held

* *Trawling* is a peculiar mode of fishing, by having nets attached to vessels and thus *trailed*, or dragged through the water. The Claddagh fishermen were for many years obstinately opposed to this mode of fishing. They have within the last few years, however, adopted it to a considerable extent.

she warded off the blow. "Shame befal you, Galway man! don't you see he fights no more!"

These words, spoken aloud, aided perhaps by Maureen's singular beauty, had the effect of pacifying not only the young smith to whom they were addressed but as many of the combatants as they reached. Maureen saw her advantage, and raising her voice she cried out:

"Men of the Claddagh! is this the sport for St. John's Day? In the name of God and holy St. Nicholas! strike not another blow!"

"We'll do your bidding, Maureen! come what may!" And so they did, and the spell of Maureen's presence extended even to the coal-porters and their party, and not another blow did any of them strike. The enthusiastic cheer that burst from the Claddagh men was caught up by the Galway mob, and the name of "Maureen Dhu" re-echoed along the quay till it reached the old crones left to guard the village, and they said to each other: "I knew she'd do it, the darling!—God's blessing on her!"

Meantime the city police had gathered in full force, and the shrill sound of the bugle announced the approach of a party of soldiers. The police as usual made a great show of activity when their services were no longer required. Dashing into the thick of the throng, they collared one here, gave another a shove there, and asked in a very authoritative tone, what it was all about. Nobody seemed inclined to answer, and the chief constable, anxious to say or do something, casting his eyes round with official scrutiny, saw Maureen in the attitude in which we have described, and on her he at once pounced.

"I say, young woman! what are you about?"

He spoke in English, and Maureen not understanding him, looked puzzled.

"She is doing what you should have done, Captain?" said a deep voice at his elbow in the purest of English, and the police officer turning quickly, met the cold, stern gaze of Mr. Fitzstephen. Both gentlemen bowed, and the officer asked—

"What is that, pray?"

"Making peace, sir!"—she has done this night what all the police in Galway County could not have done. I think you had better draw off your men, Captain!"

"Impossible, Mr. Fitzstephen—I must do my duty, sir!"

"And what may it be?—you came just in time to be too late."

"We must make some arrests!"

"Nonsense, Captain Morton!—don't make a fool of yourself! I tell you the whole affair amounted only to a scuffle—a wholesale round of boxing—neither life nor limb has been injured, I am pretty certain, owing to the timely interference of this pretty girl!—take my advice and draw off—here are the soldiers—go forward and meet the commanding officer, and tell him the storm has blown over—he will give you the credit of restoring order!"

"Well, Mr. Fitzstephen, you are a magistrate, and if you are willing to take the responsibility on yourself, I have nothing to say!"

He then advanced to meet the military, and after a short consultation between him and the officer in command, they agreed to draw up their respective forces and remain stationary till the ground was cleared, provided it was done without loss of time.

While this move was going forward, Fitzstephen had been urging on the Claddagh men the propriety of quitting the town immediately, justly fearing a renewal of hostilities, so long as the belligerents remained within sight of each other. Several other merchants of high standing in the city,—employers, too, of the coal-porters, had by this time reached the scene of action, and used all their influence to disperse the mob. But that was, after all, no easy matter, for neither party would be the first to go, and there they stood, exchanging looks and gestures of defiance. Sundry individuals of both parties were openly instigating their friends to a renewal of the fight, and amongst these Vara Halliday made herself most conspicuous. With her arms a-kimbo she stood fiercely eyeing the rival faction,—now once more banded together in a solid phalanx—and many a scathing taunt did she hurl at them regardless of the presence of soldiers and police. In vain did Maureen and even Randal seek to pacify her. It was no use, she wanted to see the rascals getting their due—they had been long working for it, and the blood of poor Paul Kehoe cried out for vengeance on them.

"But, granny dear," whispered Maureen, "don't you see the soldiers and the police there ready to shoot down the first man that would raise a hand?"

"To the d——l I pitch themselves and their guns. I tell you, child, if there's a drop of the old blood in the Claddagh boys this night, they'll pay them that old debt they owe them! Randal—Randal O'Hara! what's come on you, at all, that you sing dumb that way in presence of the scruff of Galway quays? Shan Driscoll!—oh! you shake your head, to be sure, you're afeard of offending Maureen Dhu—ah! it isn't your father that's in it, or a girl's coaxing voice would go short way in keeping him quiet with *them* before him," pointing contemptuously to the enemy's forces. "But I say, boys, where's Brien Kineely? For all he seems so quiet, I'll go bail he's a man, every inch of him, not all as one as some that have more to say."

"Sure enough," cried Maureen, with sudden energy, "I don't see Kineely. Father, have you seen him?"

"Not since a little after the fight began—the last I saw of him, he was running after a big black-faced fellow that gave Barney that broken nose."

Maureen waited to hear no more. Off she flew with the speed of an antelope, and after her hastened Shan and her brothers, fearful of some harm befalling her. They found her standing over the insensible form of Brien, who had been knocked down, it appeared, by the big coal-porter of whom Randal spoke, and his comrades feared that he was done for, as they had been trying in vain to restore him to consciousness.

"Here, boys," said Maureen, in a voice that she vainly tried to keep steady, "lift poor Brien, and carry him home. Shan! won't you lend a hand? It's likely he'll never cross you again!"

There was a touching sadness in her voice that Shan did not like, and the blood rushed to his cheek, then back again to his heart, and left him pale as a ghost. Still he willingly assisted Barney and Yeman to raise his unconscious rival from the ground, and aided by another of their friends, they carried him to the front, Maureen walking by his side and holding his hand within her own, while her eyes were rivetted on his death-like face. Just as they reached the head of the procession, which Randal had again formed, Fitzstephen bent down and whispered some words into Maureen's ear, which made her start and blush. She raised her eyes for a moment to his face, then bent them quickly on the still lifeless form before her.

"Never fear for *him*, Maureen," said Fitzstephen, his eyes following hers, "I see the color is returning to his face; he will soon be all right again, with God's help. Remember what I told you," he added, in a low voice. Maureen smiled and nodded assent.

The coal-porters, seeing that the Claddagh men were about to resume their march, seemed half inclined to attack them again, but Fitzstephen, observing their intention, called out that he was going at once to read the Riot Act, at the same time making a sign to Randal to march on.

Before the mob could make any attempt to prevent the procession from moving on, the military, by a sudden manœuvre, got between them, and they found themselves between the bristling bayonets of the soldiers on one side, and the police on the other. Great was their anger and their mortification when they saw the fishermen moving off in good order towards the gate, and gradually disappearing beneath its gloomy arch.

"Never mind, Randal! we'll meet you again for this!" cried one of the ringleaders, and all the others raised a cheer of defiance.

"When and where you like," returned the brave old man, looking back over his shoulder as he passed from the clear moonlight into the momentary darkness of the gateway.

Long before they reached the village, Brien Kineely was able to stand on his feet, though still requiring the support of Yeman and Barney. As for Shan he dropped him "like a hot potato," as old Vara said, as soon as he found him beginning to breathe again. Maureen, too, had removed herself out of sight before Brien opened his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Simple Disinfectant.—Cut two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor, they absorb noxious effluvia, &c., in the sick room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purposes. They should be changed every six hours.—*The Builder.*

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ART.

Antiquity is of the very essence of Catholicity. In all her decisions the Church pays the greatest respect and deference to the laws and practices of former Christian ages; and though these may sometimes require slight modification and adaptation to the circumstances and wants of modern times, still the truth remains, that as a general rule deference to Christian antiquity is the safe course, and to venerate antiquity a Catholic instinct. The Catholic Church is no modern institution. She comes to us in a guise and with accents which carry us back many centuries. Her vestments, her language, her musical tones, all are associated with the venerable past; and there is really nothing about her—though she can adapt herself to all their varying wants and circumstances—which can be said to belong to modern times.

Novelty, on the other hand, is the very characteristic of heresy and heretical communions. Their existence, at most, only dates one or two hundred years back, and the Saints and Ecclesiastical writers tell us that it is a sufficient refutation of their errors to refer them to the date of their introduction. As Macaulay, though himself a Protestant, has so truly observed, there is "no other institution" but the Catholic Church which carries the mind back to the earliest Christian times, and dates its foundation from the very Mount of Calvary.

We have seen the fruits of the unprejudiced study of Christian antiquity in the numerous conversions to the Catholic faith during the last twenty years. Some hundreds of educated Protestants, including a large proportion of their Clergy, have submitted to the Church within our own memory; and perhaps nothing has tended more to convince them of the truth of our holy faith than the careful and assiduous study of the Christian antiquities of these and other countries. The many Catholic monuments of England are eloquent though silent witnesses to the faith of St. Augustine and St. Edward; and the attempt to adapt Catholic churches and cathedrals to the purposes of Protestant worship has had an effect on the minds of the authors the reverse of what was contemplated. In the parochial churches, says Canon Oakeley, and above all in the ancient cathedrals, every city in England has its standing witness against the religion by which the Catholic has been supplanted. The most prejudiced have been forced to feel that the glorious ministers of Westminster, or Beverley, or Hexham were formed for other uses than those to which they are actually dedicated. The spacious chancel and the long-drawn aisles, which find their only correlative in the august sacrifice or the devout procession, are now regarded by the artful politician as mere national monuments. But the Catholic can point to them at once as tokens and as protests: as tokens of the antiquity of his holy faith—as protests against the infidel spirit of the age. And there can be no doubt that the study of Ecclesiastical art in these unapproachable models, the ancient cathedrals and churches of England, has helped, with other powerful causes, to foster an interest in the religion which is their only true counterpart.

The wonderful revival of the true principles of Ecclesiastical art amongst ourselves during the same period has had a remarkable effect in many ways. In good Bishop Milner's days we were in some danger of sinking to the level of the mushroom sects, by whom we are surrounded. Our Ecclesiastical edifices had really nothing in common with the glorious structures of better times; and poverty and bad taste combined (to use the expression of the *Dublin Review*) had totally deprived the vestments and decorations of their ancient splendor and proportions. Our chapels—"churches" would be a misnomer—were as much like Methodist conventicles as they could stare; and the vestments and pontificalia of our very Bishops—meek, and holy, and self-denying men that they were—were as little worthy of admiration as those in which good Bishop Challoner is represented in one of the Derby reprints. The present writer has had the heavy "sugarloaf mitre" in his hands; and though it was perhaps the least of the saintly Prelate's trials, and no doubt symbolized his painful and laborious Episcopate, yet he could not but feel sure that the Pontifical crown of Chalcedon has given its humble wearer many a sad headache.

But we must pass rapidly from Drs. Challoner and Milner to Bishops Walsh and Wiseman, under whom the Ecclesiastical revival to which we have referred was actually accomplished. Archbishop Walsh's portrait in a recent "Directory," is itself an illustration and evidence of our remark. Poor Challoner's unsightly crown is exchanged for a beautiful mitre, as correct in its shape as it is beautiful in its adornments; and the miserably curtailed chasuble of a less fortunate period for the ample proportions of the revived Eucharistic vestment. The new buildings of Oscott College were designed by the immortal Pugin (who was made "Professor of Ecclesiastical Antiquities"), and Birmingham became the very home and birthplace of the gratifying movement. Its cathedral gradually rose from the ground, and was dedicated in honor of our own St. Chad (whose very name had probably been forgotten by many), and the chapel of Oscott College began to revive the memory of happier days. Churches and cathedrals, colleges and convents were erected by the great architect in every part of England. In his address at the opening of Nottingham Cathedral, Bishop Wiseman bore testimony in the strongest terms to the excellence of the movement of which Augustus Pugin was the author. He said that the great work which he had inaugurated "would not die with him, but be handed down to succeeding generations"—that "he had brought over persons who were at first most opposed to his views"—and that he (the Bishop) "hoped soon to see England covered with Catholic churches, erected after the ancient models, and from similar designs" to those which had just excited such universal admiration. This prediction has been partially fulfilled already. Scarcely a week passes without the news of some glorious erection, and Pugin's son proves himself a worthy inheritor of his father's name and pencil. Birmingham and Nottingham, Southwark and Salford, have cathedrals not unworthy of the name; and though the metropolitan diocese is at present without one, it is worthy of notice that our traditional church architecture has been (more or less faithfully) adhered to in every ecclesiastical structure which has been erected within its limits during the last dozen years. Our religious and our collegiate buildings are also of a similar character. Oscott College chapel has lately received some additions which make it more worthy to be the scene of the Provincial Councils of Westminster; and of the new buildings at Ushaw College, we need only say that the architect is E. Pugin. The fine collegiate church at Ware was designed by the elder Pugin; and Mr. Hansom is the architect of the spacious training college now in course of erection at Catholic Hammersmith, where there are conventual buildings by Pugin and Blount, and a parish church by Wardell. Since the establishment of the Hierarchy considerably more than a hundred churches have been erected throughout England, almost without exception from Gothic designs; and in his sermon at the first Provincial Council of Westminster the Rector of the Catholic University spoke of the style of the Oscott buildings, and our other Ecclesiastical structures, as a gratifying feature of the revived Catholic feeling, and as recalling the glories of more Catholic times.

When the Archbishop and Bishops of England were assembled round the altar of the Procathedral of Westminster, to take part in the solemn "Te Deum" for the restoration of peace, their vestments and pontificalia supplied a further illustration of the truth of our remark as to the success of the movement whose history we have thus briefly traced. Our Episcopal seals and documents, the very arms upon our Bishops' carriages, are also evidences of the improved Ecclesiastical taste, which has really created a new department of trade, and employed innumerable artists and artizans. In London alone, Burns and Burton, Haskett and Ross, (all within a stone's throw of each other,) have sometimes found it difficult to keep pace with the demands upon them; and in Birmingham a single house (that of the Messrs. Hardman) receives orders from all parts of England. Memorials to departed worth now take the form of stained windows and shining brasses; and instead of giving a snuff box to a worthy Priest we make an acceptable addition to his church or its furniture.

Such are some of the fruits. He that sowed the seed was Augustus Pugin, and Cardinal Wiseman nourished it.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

Signs of Fear.—The British, notwithstanding all apparent efforts to the contrary, entertain a most wholesome terror of Nena Sahib, the now-reputed Commander-in-Chief of the Indian National Army. They appear to be haunted by the dread that the name of this valiant but much injured officer is destined, as we sincerely trust it may, to go down to posterity linked with the freedom of Hindostan, and the consequent elevation social and political of its inhabitants. There is no doubt his appearance among the native troops has added considerably to their confidence, as well as their sternness in action. A glorious day in the world's history would that be which proclaimed the disenthralment of that "sunny land" from the Indus to the Ganges, and the final destruction of those sanguinary monsters who have despoiled it of its beauty and magnificence, whose breath was as of death.

It is generally understood that Nena Sahib, self-appointed Peishaw, has assumed the Command-in-Chief in Oude, and some profess to see traces of ability and plan in the more recent movements of the rebels. That some idea of concentration prevails among them is obvious from the manner in which the detached bodies have quitted Bengal. It is certain, too, that they fight harder than they did. Government has published a telegram announcing a victory at a place called Burdee, near Allahabad. Captain Peel makes the best of his story, but it seems clear that the enemy fought with desperation, that our loss was severe, and that it was not considered prudent to retain so advanced a position. At Futtehsrai again, near Agra, the rebels were dislodged by a party from the garrison on the 26th of October. Most of them fled, but a party seized a building on the heights and died like men.—*Times Correspondent.*

A Novel Action.—A curious case is about to be tried by the Civil Court of Berlin: The barber and upholsterer of a wealthy banker have brought actions against him to obtain damages for having made them attend upon him when he was afflicted with the small-pox, whereby they caught the malady, and were laid up with it for some time.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ., OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Newcastle Dinner—Sheep and Wolves—Father Mathew—"Savage and Cannibal"—High Life below Stairs.

THE Repealers of Newcastle, in the county Limerick, gave O'Connell a public dinner on the 19th of January. Next morning we breakfasted at the house of the Rev. Dr. Coll, who praised the late Chief Baron Wolfe, adding, "I believe, Mr. O'Connell, he was strongly opposed to you on the veto question."

"Yes," answered O'Connell, "Wolfe thought that emancipation should be purchased at the expense of handing over to government the appointment of the Catholic bishops, under the name of a veto. The only occasion on which we came into public collision with each other on that subject was at a great meeting in Limerick, when he made a powerful speech—as powerful as could be made in a bad cause—in favor of the veto. He came forward to the front of the gallery. We were in the body of the house; and in the delivery of his discourse there was manifested some little disposition to interrupt him, but I easily prevented that. When I rose in reply, I told the story of the sheep that were fattening under the protection of their dogs, when an address to them to get rid of their dogs was presented by the wolves. I said that the leading *Wolfe* came forward to the front of the gallery and persuaded the sheep to give up the dogs—they obeyed him, and were instantly devoured; and I then expressed a hope that the Catholics of Ireland would be warned by that example never to yield to a *Wolfe* again. With that pleasantry our differences ended; for he admitted that the popular sentiment was against him, and he gave up any further agitation of that question."

"I well recollect that occasion," said Dr. Coll to me, "and afterwards Wolfe observed, 'How useless it is to contend with O'Connell! Here I have made an oration that I had been elaborating for three weeks previously—and this man entirely demolishes the effect of all my rhetoric by a flash of humor, and a pun upon my name!'"

After breakfast we resumed our road, and proceeded to Roscrea, where we slept.

Nothing could be more interesting than the social evening spent at the blazing fire of the snug inn-parlor after a day's journey. The "Repeal staff" had all seen a great deal of life, and amused each other with a vast variety of anecdote. O'Connell had his black bag filled with the publications of the day; the Reviews, a novel of Bulwer's or Miss Martineau's—and always the last number of Boz's Nickleby, or Nell, or Chuzzlewit. Any passage that particularly struck his fancy, he was sure to read aloud; and then he would probably make some characteristic comment, or narrate some appropriate anecdote.

On the 21st, we arrived in Dublin. Shortly afterwards a meeting was held to obtain subscriptions for a testimonial to Father Mathew. Fitzpatrick told me the following incident connected with that meeting. The resolutions were submitted on the previous day to O'Connell, who censured them as being tame and unworthy of the object. Having the pen in his hand, he altered the first resolution by adding to the phrase which declared Father Mathew "entitled to the nation's gratitude," the words, "beyond all other living men." "What?" cried FitzPatrick, "beyond *all* other living men, eh? Is not that too strong?" "Not in the least," said O'Connell, with emphasis, "it is literally true." Some subsequent improver, however, struck out O'Connell's emendation, and in this respect restored the resolution to its original state.

"I'll tell you a bit our friend made some years ago," said Fitzpatrick, "which just comes into my head.

"There is, as you are aware, a somewhat unpolished Kerry gentleman, known by the sobriquet of Theig-a-wattha. Theig one day expressed his regret at not having been at Darrynane while Sam Lover, the novelist, was there. 'Lover,' said Theig, 'is a great hand at drawing Irish charackthers, and he would have touched me off in great style. But, oh! Liberathur! I have got an illigant new beagle—he's a splindid dog! a huge, slaughtering baste. Och! I wish you saw him! he's the slaughteringest dog that ever follied a hare!' 'And what do you call this killing dog of yours?' 'Troth, Liberathur,' answered Theig, I've no particular name for him yet; or rather, I've got *two* names that I call him indifferently—Savage and Canibal.' 'But, my dear Theig,' said O'Connell, 'are you not very extravagant these hard times, to squander two such names upon *one* dog? Couldn't you keep one of them for yourself?'"

One evening on which I met Mr. ——— at dinner at O'Connell's, the conversation turned on a book entitled a "History of the Irish Stage," which our host had got in his library. This led to some theatrical reminiscences; and Mr. ——— said:

"I knew of an instance of 'High Life Below Stairs' in real life, just as comical as anything in the farce of that name. There were in very humble life in Dublin, some sixty years ago, a Pylades and Orestes named Burke* and M'Gafferty. They were schoolfellows. M'Gafferty, when about eighteen or twenty years of age, enlisted in the army, whilst Burke became clerk in a mercantile house. Years passed, during which the poor soldier was knocked and hacked about; got wounds, cuts, bullets, bruises, everything but good luck or promotion. Meanwhile, Burke from being clerk became partner, and from being partner became son-in-law to the principal member of the firm; and in process of time became one of the wealthiest merchants in Dublin. Thus matters proceeded until 1797, when the soldier, M'Gafferty, was discharged from the army, and returned in a very crockery condition to Dublin. He frequently saw his ancient crony, Burke, walking through the town; but notwithstanding their original intimacy he always shrank from accosting him; for he had learned his success in life, and he feared that, from the great disparity of their present circumstances, any claim on old acquaintance might, perhaps, be repelled with insult. One day, however, as he was gliding away to avoid a direct rencontre, Burke hailed him: 'Hallo, my old cock! Is that you?' 'Faith it's nobody else.' 'You seem rather the worse for the wear.' 'In troth, I'm not the better for it.' 'Would you like a good supper?' 'That would I—dearly! provided I haven't to pay for it.' 'Then you shall have a supper fit for an emperor, and it shall cost *you* nothing, and what's more, it shall cost *me* nothing.' 'Who is to bleed?' 'Poh! never you heed that. I'll introduce you to Mr. Tighe's butler in Ely place; the butler and I were old friends; I never shirk my old acquaintance because I've got up in the world. The butler gives a grand gala to-night; his master is in the county Wexford, or Wicklow, or somewhere; you'll have all the best things in or out of season, and wine in cataracts—come along.' M'Gafferty did not need much pressing; he accompanied Burke to the butler's entertainment, which was very magnificent. The party were in the fullest enjoyment of their jollification, when the ominous roll of a carriage in the street struck terror in their hearts—the equipage stopped at the door, and a thundering double knock that shook the house like an earthquake set the party scampering in all directions, putting plates, dishes, and decanters out of the way, and huddling the butler's guests into closets and coal-holes. The double knock was repeated with impatient emphasis, and whilst the butler shouted in his agony, 'Och, weirasthrua! the masther will murdher us!' the footman went up to admit him, and the cook trundled Burke and M'Gafferty under a bed, bidding them be quiet for their lives. Meanwhile, Tighe entered, ferocious at the slight delay that had occurred in admitting him, and divining from certain suspicious appearances that his domestics had been junketing in his absence. Resolved on exploring everything, he descended to the kitchen, accompanied by a couple of friends who had travelled with him, swearing that if he detected any contraband visitors, he would pitch them along with his too hospitable butler to the d——l. It so chanced, that the very first spot which Tighe and his friends inspected was the subterranean dormitory in which our two heroes lay *perdu* beneath the bed. M'Gafferty was placed next the wall; Burke was stretched outside him. 'There's somebody under that bed!' bellowed Tighe—'there's a pair of rascals—I spy two brace of legs. Come out, you scoundrels! or I'll break every bone in your carcasses!' Burke crawled out, humbly begging that Mr. Tighe would not offer him any violence, and promising that he never should again be caught in a similar predicament, if allowed to go quietly off. 'Who are you, sirragh?' thundered Tighe. 'I am Mr. Burke, of Ball's Bridge, the merchant.' '*You!* You Mr. Burke,' of Ball's Bridge? You lie, you rascal. You must have the impudence of the devil, to assume the name of that most respectable man. Take *that*, you vagabond?' (kicking him vigorously). 'You brazen scoundrel—how dare you make free with the name of any respectable citizen?' So Tighe and his comrades kicked and cuffed poor Burke, whilst M'Gafferty, feeling about with military instinct for a weapon, laid hold on a spit and dripping-pan somebody had thrust into the dormitory; and thus armed with his spear and shield he jumped up, and stood in a recess behind the bed-curtain. What other lurching vagabond is this?' cried Tighe? 'I have left Wexford full of rebels, and here I find my town house overrun with rascals.' 'I am an old officer, sir,' said M'Gafferty, boldly advancing and firmly clutching the spit,' and I give you due notice, that if you don't clear the way for me civilly up stairs, and bow me out of the house with due respect, I'll perforate your guts with this weapon.' There was a fierce desperation in his look and manner, which enforced the conviction that he would keep his word. 'He has much the air of a military gentleman,' observed one of Tighe's comrades. 'Oh yes,' returned Tighe, 'he is evidently a respectable person. Sir, pray allow me to show you up.' Thus M'Gafferty, protected by the spit, was escorted to the hall door with due courtesy. When he reached the street, he looked round, and could not help laughing to see Tighe rush at Burke, who was unarmed, and indemnify himself for his constrained civility to the soldier by violently tumbling the merchant down the hall door steps upon the pave, perforce of a thundering kick bestowed upon his nether extremity. 'It is not long,' continued Mr. ——, since a daughter of Burke's was married to an eminent legal functionary."

(To be continued.)

*"Burke" is substituted for the real name of the hero, whose posterity are wealthy at the present day, and would not relish identification with their really worthy progenitor's family.

Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy has been admitted a barrister of the Supreme Court of Victoria.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, DUBLIN.

John F. Maguire, Esq., M. P., delivered, in the Music Hall, a lecture on "Curran in the Senate and at the Bar," in connection with the above society, before a most numerous audience.

Mr. Maguire was introduced by the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt to the audience, who received him with hearty and prolonged applause. He commenced his lecture by saying that he proposed to give a hasty sketch of an Irishman, whose genius, truth, courage, and fidelity, had given him an undying existence, not only in the history of his country, but in the affectionate veneration of her people, whether in the old land he loved so well, or in the most distant regions of the earth where they were compelled to wander—of John Philpot Curran, the pride of the Irish senate and the champion of the Irish bar. To appreciate this great public man, whom no danger could daunt, it was necessary to know something of the times, social and political, in which he lived. Mr. Maguire then proceeded to give a graphic picture of the sad condition of Ireland at the period of Curran's birth, and of the cruel and selfish policy pursued with regard to her by England, alluding to the period when he said the first link of the chain of slavery fell from the cramped and goaded limbs of the Catholics of Ireland—the rising of the Volunteers of Ireland, the greatest military organization that any country ever saw—animated by the loftiest impulse that ever stirred the heart of man—the desire to defend, and the hope to redeem their native land; after which he passed to the immediate subject of his lecture, who first appeared in the arena which was the scene of his deathless triumphs, at the summer assizes of Cork, in 1780, where a venerable priest sought justice for the injury done him by an insolent noble, who had lashed the feeble old man with a horsewhip for refusing to remove the displeasure of the church from the brother of his assailant's paramour. No one was bold or generous enough to demand redress for the shameful outrage upon a meek minister of religion; and when all others shrank back the good priest found a champion in John Philpot Curran. This was a case worthy of that gifted being whom God had endowed with courage sufficient for his mission, a mind well strung and well stored, a playful fancy, rich imagination, genuine humor, and brilliant wit. There was no record of Curran's first speech, but the result was its best description—it extorted from a Protestant jury a verdict for a Catholic priest against a Protestant noble. It was well said by Thomas Davis, in "Curran's Memoirs"—"Verily those thirty guinea damages were the first spoils of Emancipation." From that moment Curran was famous; with the blessing of the good priest on his head the Protestant advocate entered on that career which made his name but another for everything great, good, and honorable. Mr. Maguire then, in forcible and eloquent language, traced Curran's career in the senate, where he said he was the consistent advocate of freedom and reform, and the unflinching and intrepid champion of the Catholics, whom he stood by to the last. He quoted largely from his speeches at the bar and in parliament as exhibiting his eloquence and patriotism. There were greater men, he said, in the senate, but none truer, braver, or more trustworthy; but at the bar he was matchless. Having referred to the several matters of history in the eventful times in which Curran lived, Mr. Maguire concluded a very able and beautiful lecture by saying that Curran's sun was set with that of his country's freedom; he sank into the grave broken hearted, his last words being words of love for Ireland—for the land he adored with every throb of his heart—which he served with every energy of his mind—in whose bosom his honored dust now lies, and whose memory would be ever green in the affections of his country, and live in the respect of all good men as long as genius and public virtue were reverenced and honored. At the conclusion of the lecture, as well as frequently during its delivery, Mr. Maguire was loudly applauded.

SWITZERLAND.

The *Civilta Cattolica* gives the following account of religious matters in Geneva:

"The city of Geneva, which the Protestants call the Calvinistic Rome, was, on the 4th of October, witness of a joyful event; for on that day was opened the new Catholic Church of Our Lady of Genevra. The Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in the quarter of St. Gervase, after a cessation of three hundred and twenty-seven years. From the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, the Calvinists ruled exclusively in Geneva, and that city was regarded as the bulwark of Protestantism against the Catholics of France, Savoy, and French Switzerland. Even in the beginning of the nineteenth the Calvinists had so much the upper hand that, in 1802, the Catholics were only three hundred in number, without public worship or political rights. Now the number of Catholics inhabiting Geneva is upwards of 16,000 out of 35,000; and of 11,000 national electors of the republic two-fifths are Catholic. The class, however, to which the Catholics in general belong is that of new men—that is, tradesmen and artists; and, for the last ten or fifteen years, they have begun to appear in that of burgesses. They come for the most part from France or Savoy—thanks to the liberty which is given to foreigners by the new democratic legislation!

"To understand the condition of the Catholics, one ought to know the state of political parties in the city. The Protestants are divided into two opposite camps—viz., the Old pure Genevese Calvinists, whose chief aim is to preserve the traditions of the Calvinistic Rome, and call themselves Conservatives; and Young Geneva, who, to attain power, fought rabidly against the elder, its traditions, institutions, and privileges; declaring themselves particularly for religious, political, and commercial liberty. These latter are now in power, and for several years have advanced diligently all material improvements—repairing the fortifications, supporting railways, and *credits mobiliers*, in aid of the small merchants. All these changes have created much confusion, but have turned out for the advantage of Catholicism, which has gained much from these radical, democratical, and liberal youths. The Genevese Radicals, contrary to those of other countries, are maintainers of true liberty, and defend it by the help of the Catholics; whilst the Radicals of the other Cantons are, in fact, maintainers of slavery.

"In this state of affairs, the Clergy of Geneva are disconcerted by no obstacle, nor are confounded by any difficulty. Profiting by the liberty which has been accorded to them, they have opened many institutions supported by private charity—*e.g.*, the School of the Brothers, educating four hundred pupils; and that of the Sisters, with six hundred; an orphanage and parochial hospital, conducted by Dr. Dufresne, a physician well known for his science as well as his zeal and charity; and a second church was founded under the title of Our Immaculate Lady. The Clergy are not less celebrated for their scientific attainments. We may name in that behalf the Abbe Mermillod, conductor of the *Annales Catholiques de Geneve*, a periodical now of five years' standing, and bearing a comparison with any others of those published there. Besides the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, there are in Geneva Sisters of Charity, the Daughters of St. Elizabeth, Catechists of Perseverance, &c.; and thus the light is thrown upon a people exposed to the moral contagion of manufactories, to sectarianism, and to Protestant propagandism.

"Such being the state of Catholics in Geneva, that in the country is somewhat different. By the treaties of Vienna and Turin, in 1815 and 1816, many Catholic communes of Savoy were united to Geneva under the condition that religious matters should remain in *statu quo*, and that the Catholic religion should be acknowledged to be the only dominant one. The Calvinists declaim again this article, and the recent modifications made in it by the late Neufchatel affair make the Conservative Protestants hope to attain their purposes. They rely especially on the liberty of conscience acknowledged in the new Federal Charter of 1848, and on this ground have demanded the intervention of the Federal Governor. The Radical Governor of Geneva, under the direction of Mr. James Fazy, refuses to support by his vote the suppression of this article of the treaty, and this has been made a pretext for exciting the Calvinistic populace against the Catholics. At the elections, therefore, the Catholic electors make common cause with the Radicals against the Protestant Conservatives for the protection of their privileges."

STREET PREACHING IN CALCUTTA.—Those Catholic writers and journalists who take upon themselves the rather arduous responsibility of upholding the two diametrically opposite interests of Catholicity and the British government, are, no doubt, prepared to hear that street preaching, with all its disgraceful concomitants, is at the present moment rife throughout the principal cities of India. A letter, dated Calcutta, has the following, which goes to show very conclusively that, wherever British dominion is established, there will also be found persecution and hatred of Catholicity in their worst and direst forms, and further, that it is the sheerest nonsense to suppose that Catholicity is ever destined to make headway in India, while that land continues in the grasp of its present occupants:

You will be surprised to hear that no means have been employed to put an end to street-preaching here. A few days ago, while walking through Bon Bazaar-street, I saw one of these street-preachers haranguing a crowd of natives of the very lowest class that can possibly be conceived. Of course, the preacher said that he was in the right and that the natives were in the wrong. However, some drunken English sailors, who were passing, soon attracted the preacher's audience to their own noisy circle, and, having cut some strange capers, and embraced *terra firma* oftener than they intended or desired, finally toddled off on their now way, leaving the preacher's audience, no doubt, highly edified at the good conduct and sobriety of the lower class of the Christian fraternity of Calcutta.

HIGHLAND DEPOPULATION.—The depopulation of a Highland glen, within the bounds of a neighboring county, is surprising. About 50 years ago there were in it upwards of 36 families, all of whom lived free and happy, and were then sending many men, who, as officers and privates, shone conspicuous in the foremost line of battle, shedding their blood for the security of the crown. There are now, within the same limits, if we are not mistaken, only six!—*Elgin Courant.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom House for the week ending December 12 was £6,191 4s. 2d. against £6,319 13s. 10d. the previous week, and £6,775 17s. 6d. the corresponding period of last year, and the number of pounds of tea entered for consumption for the week ending as above was 32,272lbs. against 36,221lbs. the previous—making a total of 2,094,385lbs. since 1st January last against 1,716,938lbs. same period last year.

The entire of the constabulary force brought into Belfast for the purpose of suppressing the riots has left, with the exception of the reserve from the depot, Phœnix park, these having been retained for some time longer. These men still continue to patrol the Pound district, in small parties each night, but at present there is little necessity for them.

The northern papers mention that great distress exists among the weavers of Ballymacarrett and those of the county Down, and among the sewed muslin workers of Newtownards.

Carlow.

The past week has been dull, and very little business transacted in the markets. An advance of 1s. was realized on the price of wheat, and on malting barley, with a reduction of 6d. on oats. Butter is a drug in the market, and few lots were purchased, unless of prime quality, and at a reduction on last day of 2s., or 98s. per cwt. Many of the dairy farmers are holding over their stocks. There was a reduction of 2s. per bag in the price of bakers' flour. A reduction has taken place in the price of bread in Dublin. In Carlow, the price of the 4lbs. loaf has been reduced to 7d.; of superior quality, to 7 1-2d.—*Sentinel.*

Clare.

A melancholy accident attended with loss of lives occurred in the river Shannon, between Tervoe and the Tower. The brig Francis, of Milford, Captain Jones, was proceeding down the river when she hailed the barque William and Joseph, Captain Lewis, from Quebec, belonging to the house of Sidley & Co., which was coming up the river, the captains of both vessels being fellow-countrymen, Welchmen—and one going to sea and the other coming into the harbor, they signalled to each other, and the Captain of the Francis, with four seamen, got into a boat to board the William and Joseph, but by some mismanagement, when the boat neared the latter vessel, she was drawn under, and the five men were capsized into the river. The captain laid hold of the keel of the boat until he was rescued from his perilous position by pilot Fitzmaurice, of the steam tug Dover Castle, who jumped into the river, and brought him almost lifeless to shore. The other four men were swept away, and have not been as yet recovered.—*Journal.*

A young man named Patrick was accidentally killed on the drainage works near Kells recently, having incautiously approached too near a rock charged with powder, and which, it was supposed, had exploded. This is the first accident that has occurred since the commencement of the drainage in the year 1847.—*Ibid.*

Head-Constable Griffin, of Ennis, is appointed a sub-inspector in the constabulary.

Cork.

On the 6th Dec. a ship's long boat approached the southern coast of Cape Clear, and was observed by persons from the island. The crew called piteously for relief, and were directed by signs to the nearest landing place. The sea at the time rolled very high, and with great difficulty the boat was brought near the shore. The crew, consisting of ten men, were perfectly unable to get on land, and were taken bodily out of the boat by the men who came to their rescue. They belonged to the Grecian brig Epaminondas, laden with corn, from the sea of Azov to Cork. The crew consisted of twelve men, and arrived safely to within one hundred and twenty miles southwest of Cape Clear, when she sprang a leak, foundered, and went down. The bulwarks were carried away, and laboring under a heavy sea, her hold was filled with water. The crew became instantly alarmed, and betook themselves to the long-boat. In launching the boat her keel was taken away, and the few garments they possessed were employed in staunching the leak. They had no food or water aboard, and in that condition they floated on the surface of the sea four days and nights. After leaving the vessel one of the men died of cold and hunger. On the next day the captain's brother died from the same cause.—*Examiner.*

At Bantry petty sessions, the Bench ordered informations against Acting Constable Wm. Heffernan, for soliciting a female named Bridget Hazel to commit perjury by swearing falsely against Sub-Constable Connors.

Mr Hogan has sent down for the approval of the committee a second model for the statue, which it has been determined shall be erected to commemorate the glorious career of the "Apostle of Temperance." We are certain that Mr. Hogan will present to us a model worthy of his reputation, and such as may to his credit and ours perpetuate his name in his native city.—*Reporter.*

The free admission of Irish whiskey into France is upheld by the Emperor, much to the dissatisfaction of Paris distillers.

There are 40 lodgers in the Sailors' Home, Queenstown, and 35 in Cork.

The price of bread has been reduced in Cork.

Dublin.

The Four Courts are to be extended. The new buildings about to be erected for the Courts of Appeal and Incumbered Estates will occupy a site at the rere of the present Four Courts, and at the point where Pill lane unites with Morgan place. They will comprise a block with two projecting wings, and present a frontage to Pill lane of about 130 feet, by a depth of 80 feet. In style the architecture will be consistent with that of the existing buildings, but of a plainer character, having chizelled granite stone fronts with rusticated basements and simple architraved windows. In height they will be three stories, exclusive of basement, which is intended to contain courtkeeper's apartments, document rooms, &c. The buildings are to be finished against the 1st of June, 1859, under a penalty of £25 per week. The probable expense will be £15,000 or £16,000.

Kerry.

A Kenmare correspondent informs us the recruiting party stationed in this town during the past summer left last week, their mission being unsuccessful, beyond half a dozen "stray birds" from all quarters; not one even of the fancy Kerry cows, sheep or ponies, with which Mr. French replaced the hardy Kerrymen, could be induced to accept the Saxon shilling. They prefer their native glens, except when required to ornament the demesne of some nobleman or gentleman in one of the inland counties, provided they bring a fair price to their owner, who has shown more fostering care for them than for human beings.—*Nation.*

The magnetic telegraph is now extended to the harbor of Valencia, on the southwest coast of Ireland, so that vessels entering that port (the most westerly of Europe) can communicate instantaneously with every port of the continent; and all those coming from America can, by this means, obtain orders with the least possible delay of time, and with little or no deviation from their course.

At the parish chapel of Listry, the Rev. B. O'Connor, P.P. of Miltown, passed a high eulogium on Colonel Herbert for the manner in which he has treated his tenants at Lahard. His agent, Mr. Henry Leahy, too, came in for a large measure of praise.

Kilkenny.

Recently a fine young horse, valued at about £20 at least, belonging to Mr. Shannon, of Valley Mills, Graigue, was killed. The animal had been yoked single in a plough, on a high field, at the base of which was the water course of the mill; and turning the headland, one of his hind feet became entangled in the trace, which caused him to plunge backward, and he fell over into the mill course, a considerable height, by which his neck was broken.—*Moderator.*

The barn of a farmer named John Cranny, at Mothell, near the cave of Dunmore, was recently set fire to and consumed.

King's County.

The large gas holder of the Parsonstown gas works got out of order, by the sudden falling down of its lid upon which the pressure for the gas is applied. This accident rendered it impossible to continue the supply of gas throughout the town during the night, but the manager contrived to keep up a moderate and diminishing pressure for about an hour, which acted as a warning to the inhabitants that the gas lights, public and private, were about to be extinguished; next day the men of the concern were engaged in repairing the accident so as to light the town that evening, when a man, for years employed in the gas works, and of much experience, procured a lighted candle, with which he ascended to a small door in the top of the gas holder, when about to enter, the gas inside exploded and slightly burned himself and three of the men engaged at the repairs; the injuries done to the gas holder are considerable, and will take some time and money to repair it; in the meantime, the town will be in comparative darkness.—*Chronicle.*

Limerick.

The site at the Wellesley bridge, chosen for the erection of an equestrian statue to Viscount Fitzgibbon, son of the Earl of Clare, who fell at Balaklava, is being prepared for the reception of the statue. It is said the Sebastopol guns are also to be placed in the same locality.—*Reporter.*

Louth.

It appears that for some time past the poultry yards in a neighboring townland were exhibiting a rapid decrease in the numbers of their feathered inhabitants, and how to account for the missing ones was a complete mystery. At last a fox was seen lurking about a farmyard in the locality, and this was quite enough to guard against further ravages. Security to the poultry was strictly attended to, such as a keeper by day, and lock them up by night; but, nevertheless, a gradual diminution in the numbers was still perceptible, and, on close examination of one of the premises, a hole was discovered in the roof of the fowl-house, through which it appeared the fox gained easy admission and ready egress by means of some old lumber inside. The owner, determined on being up to the unwelcome visitor, removed every stepping-stone favorable to the going out of the fox, so that if his visits should be repeated, he had no means of escape, and accordingly, the next morning Reynard was found seated in the poultry-house in perfect enjoyment of his favorite society. The door having been perfectly secured, additional armed force was called into action in order to have the "will for the deed," and one of the party providing himself with a fancy bludgeon, entered the house in order to have the first blow, whereupon the brave fox jumped upon the man's shoulders, from thence gained the hole in the roof, from which he escaped "uninjured and unhurt," leaving his assailants in amazed disappointment.—*Examiner.*

Mr. John Rice, one of the oldest inhabitants of Drogheda, died on December 15, at the extreme age of 103. He was born in the year 1754, and has been in the confidential employment of the Messrs. Smith & Smyth for the last fifty years. During this period he has never been one day ill, nor lost one hour from his business.

From the 5th till the 12th of December, both days inclusive, the number of pigs shipped from Duldalk were—By the vessels of the *New* Company, 1,540 pigs; by the vessels of the *Old* Company, 3,329 pigs.

Mayo.

Fifty men, two sergeants, and a head-constable arrived in Castlebar, as a further reinforcement of the police force of this county. We understand that this addition to the constabulary of the county has been resolved upon by the authorities in order to check illicit distillation.—*Constitution.*

Meath.

A private subscription, amounting to £550, has been got up for the purpose of discovering the perpetrators of the Killskyre murder. A tenth man was arrested in the course of this week, and the police say that they have sufficient evidence themselves to justify a full committal for trial. It is said that one of the men in jail is inclined to turn approver, and the Attorney-General has declared, that when he has before him what evidence to justify him in doing so, he will issue a Special Commission, if the assizes were only a fortnight away.—*People.*

Roscommon.

With feelings of regret have we to announce the death, by the accidental discharge of his fowling piece, of Roderic, second son of Patrick O'Connor, Esq., of Dundermott, Ballmoe. As this lamented young gentleman was in the act of stepping from his car, on the road midway between Oran and Ballymoe, the charge went off, and, melancholy to relate, perforated his stomach, from the effects of which he expired almost immediately. Mr. O'Connor was in the 20th year of his age, and universally esteemed for his amiable disposition.—*Messenger.*

So mild a winter, up to this, as that we are now passing through, has not been experienced by even "the oldest inhabitant," and has been highly favorable for all tillage operations. Wheat is over ground to an extent not noticed in former years. The price of fodder has been most materially affected, and hay is now much lower than it was three months back. Oats and wheat have also fallen in the market.—*Ibid.*

Tipperary.

Two sub-constables were marched into this town under escort, to be deprived of their arms and clothing prior to their dismissal from the force. These two men, named Maher and Conners, were stationed at Ballymakee, and, under the influence of liquor, committed some act of insubordination against the acting constable of their station.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

There are 540 paupers in the Cashel Union, being a decrease of 200 for the same period last year.

Waterford.

A requisition signed by about 200 shareholders holding stock in the company to the amount of £120,000 was left at the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company's office, calling an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders to change the present directors and elect others in their stead.

We regret to state that this week the suspension of a respectable firm, engaged in the corn trade, is rumored, with liabilities stated at £5,000.—*News.*

Wexford.

We have had already occasion to notice the gradual but steady emigration from the Constabulary Force. Another of this fine body of men, Sub-Constable John Cantlan, left this station yesterday for Liverpool, *en route* to Australia. There must be some cause for so many of this useful and well-conducted body of men leaving the service, which we presume must be insufficiency of pay. It is a subject which should be looked into by the proper authorities, for if the good and efficient men retire, an inferior class of men will be got to supply their places.—*Independent.*

ANOTHER "RELIEF" AT LUCKNOW.

[*From the Nation.*]

As we go to press two telegrams from India have arrived; from which fact it will be judged that some idea of the nature of the news reaching Europe by this mail may be gathered by the early part of next week. These, like all the early telegrams, are now, almost admittedly, mere efforts at deceit that deceive nobody—being published apparently in order that the public, aware that news had arrived, might have something to discuss while the Government were deliberating upon the despatches, and deciding how far they need to be "prepared" for publication. Some curiosity, nevertheless, naturally attaches to their contents. The public, however, seem to be, meantime, perfectly aware that the information to be thus gathered is likely to hold good only for the time intervening up to the publishing of the true news.

If the fact of a statement being made in one of these early telegrams be, as is now commonly supposed, strong proof that the reverse will turn out to be the truth, we have to regret one passage in the message before us. Most gladly would we, and all Irishmen, rejoice if it was true that the women and children, and the sick and wounded men, who were in the Residency at Lucknow, had been removed to a place of safety. But unfortunately the authority upon which, up to this moment, the statement is before the public, is of very bad character; and one cannot permit themselves to rejoice at an event so much to be desired, sooner than, at least, a week hence. Over the safety of innocent women and children, and sick and wounded men—should it happily turn out to be the fact—none will rejoice more sincerely than those whose reverence for God's precepts teaches them to pray for the overthrow of foreign invaders, and the triumph of men who fight for their homes and firesides.

This "precursor" telegram is powerfully silent upon points that bode ill to England. We shall not be surprised to learn that the retreat of some portion of the Lucknow garrison to Cawnpore was achieved at the expense of the most terrific slaughter of the British. What the telegram does *not* say is already the subject of gloomy debate. Six days constant fighting is reported, but there is no word of the route or retreat of the insurgent army. We expect they are neither dispersed nor retreated. On the contrary, we venture to say that the despatch of the news left them in Lucknow, as strong as they were after Havelock was entrapped; while that Sir Colin's forces paid as dearly for this "relief" as Havelock's did for theirs, we consider, as beyond doubt, notwithstanding the story profoundly offered for the especial information of that sagacious body known as "the Marines"—that the "seven days bloody struggles" mean four officers and a few privates killed and wounded, on the side of the British.

In the absence of any reliable information, and when a few days must throw some light upon the facts, it would be vain to speculate upon what news really has arrived. Of one thing we may be certain, that the Indians fought bravely, however went the fortunes of the day, and that the struggle in Oude is only commenced.

IRISH APPOINTMENTS.—John Wilson Lynch, Esq., of Benmore Park, has been appointed high sheriff of this city, although second on the list, in consequence of the resignation of Bernard O'Flaherty, Esq., and has appointed Joseph M'Donnell, Esq., College Road, as his sub-sheriff.—*Galway paper.*

William Percy Jones, Esq., of Drumard, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Leitrim.

John T. Dillon, Esq., of Mount Dillon, has been appointed a magistrate for the County Longford.

J. J. O'F. Carmichael Ferrall, of Friar's Hill, Wicklow, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the commission of the peace for the county of Longford.

Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart., was elected governor, and Alderman Moylan, deputy-governor, of the Hibernian Bank.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN'S LECTURE IN LIMERICK.

The following is the first portion of a lecture delivered by Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., on behalf of the Limerick Mechanics' Institute, in the Theatre of the Athenæum. Speaking of it the *Nation* says: "It should be read until it is gotten by heart, and should be acted on by every Irishman who loves Ireland. It is a noble appeal, having in it points of contact with all classes, worthy of deep attention from the richest man as well as the poorest in the land. Its calm truth, its winning simplicity, and the exalted patriotism that breathes in every sentence must recommend it to all honest hearts. We feel assured that it will bear good fruit."

Had I consulted solely my own inclination, I should perhaps have declined the task which you have done me the honor to impose upon me of opening the winter session of the lectures for the Mechanics' Institute of Limerick for the present year. But I have felt that it would be unbecoming on my part to refuse a request which was, I believe, intended as a compliment; and, having been, from my first entrance upon public life, a zealous supporter of every effort that has been made to promote the intellectual enjoyment of the people, I feel myself bound to encourage by my example others who are more competent than I am to contribute to that enjoyment through the means of occasional lectures and addresses to your body.

I am deeply impressed with a conviction of a twofold kind. First, that Ireland in general, and Limerick in particular, has not yet attained that degree of intellectual advancement which its people are competent to reach; and, secondly, that in order to develope all the resources of this country, whether material, moral or intellectual, we ought to rely, under Providence, not upon external assistance, but upon the energy and perseverance of the inhabitants of this island. I propose to-night to apply myself to the elucidation of these propositions. It is obvious that I could not discuss them in their widest extent without entering upon many questions of a political nature; but as it has been intimated to me that it is the wish of all parties concerned that we should to-night avoid controversial politics, I shall confine myself as much as possible to topics which cannot awake a discordant sentiment amongst my hearers.

Now let us suppose that an intelligent stranger shall come to visit Limerick. He will naturally wish to see the institutions of this city. What are they? He will be taken to see the Gaol, the Lunatic Asylum, the County Hospital, the Workhouse—all built on an extensive scale, with some architectural pretensions, and managed in a creditable manner. He will also be shown some public works that are not unworthy of a commercial city. But where will he find monuments of art?—where will he find a museum? where will he find a picture gallery?—where will he find a public library?—where will he find indications of a disposition to cultivate the fine arts, or to carry forward to perfection the inventions of mechanism, or to render available to intellectual culture the treasures of literature and science which have been bequeathed to mankind by men of letters in different ages of the world?

The same observations apply in a nearly equal degree to Dublin, the capital of our Island. Compared with cities of similar size in other parts of Europe, it is in many respects as far inferior to them in the arts which embellish the abodes of man, as it is superior in the advantages of natural position, and in the natural intelligence of its people.

I should do great injustice to my fellow-countrymen if I were to pronounce them to be inferior to the inhabitants of Belgium, or of Germany, or of Italy, in capacity for artistic or intellectual culture. Yet it would be merely idle flattery to compare the attainments which we have made in regard of the arts with those which have been achieved in times past and present by many other countries. Take for instance the small and comparatively unimportant kingdom of Belgium. I dare not institute a comparison between Ireland and Belgium in regard of churches, museums, public libraries, schools of art, industrial and reformatory schools, and other establishments of a similar nature, because in the cities of Belgium not only do we find accumulated treasures which have been handed down from past ages, but we find also indications of the greatest activity in regard to the present rivalries of social progress. In Brussels alone there were, at the time that I resided in that city, above seven hundred pupils receiving *gratuitous* education in the schools of art, and I believe that nearly an equal number received gratuitous education in music. At Antwerp also there is a most distinguished school of painting; and even in the provinces there is scarcely a town of considerable size unprovided with schools in which the fine arts may be cultivated by students. At the universal exhibition held at Paris in 1855, Belgium—a country which in point of population and natural resources does not approach to an equality with Ireland—occupied a most prominent position, and carried away many of the first prizes for advancement in the mechanical and in the fine arts. Alas! with pain and humiliation I searched in vain to discover similar masterpieces of Irish industry and of Irish art.

Compare again the achievements accomplished by the people of ancient Greece with those of our countrymen, and we shall find in the comparison much ground for humiliation. It is probable that those portions of Europe which may properly be denominated as ancient Greece, never contained a population equal to the number of the present inhabitants of Ireland. It is, I believe, certain that the free inhabitants of Athens never equalled in number the present population of Limerick. Yet from Greece in general, and especially from Athens—notwithstanding innumerable losses of the productions of the greatest authors and artists of antiquity—we have inherited remains which perhaps surpass in value all that has been produced in subsequent ages; masterpieces of history, of poetry, of dramatic composition, of eloquence, philosophy, of architecture, of sculpture. Yet there is no reason why Ireland may not hereafter strive to rival the fame of ancient Greece.

It is argued by some that it is impossible for Ireland to acquire a high position amongst the nations of the earth, because its population is composed of men who differ from each other in race and in religion. But to this argument the example of Switzerland affords a conclusive answer. In the Confederation of the Swiss Cantons there are three distinct races, speaking three different languages—the German, the French, and the Italian. This population is also divided in regard of religion. Catholics and Protestants have maintained in Switzerland their several doctrines with a fervor which has often approached to fanaticism. Yet this confederation has subsisted during more than five centuries, and we had an opportunity last year of witnessing the tenacity with which it upholds its national rights; for, in the collision which took place between Switzerland and Prussia with regard to Neufchatel, the Swiss were prepared to have encountered in arms the whole force of Prussia, which, as you are aware, is, in respect of military resources, one of the most potent monarchies of Europe. Not only in regard of arms, but also of arts, of education, of legislation, and also of social comforts, Switzerland, with its rugged soil and scanty population, has long maintained a character and position in Europe, such as Ireland with threefold the number of inhabitants, and a soil of surpassing fertility, has hitherto been unable to rival. Yet there is no reason why Irishmen may not hereafter accomplish much more than the Swiss have been able to achieve.

Perhaps I may be answered that it is not fair to institute a comparison between Ireland and Belgium, or ancient Greece, or modern Switzerland, because these countries have possessed a national government, whereas Ireland is but a province. As my opinions on the subject of domestic legislation are well known, I need not tell you that I appreciate fully the force of this answer; and if I were not prohibited from entering into this field of controversy, I should feel myself disposed to illustrate copiously this argument. But, upon the present occasion, I shall only observe that self-government is the *consequence* rather than the *cause* of that spirit of self-reliance which I invite you to cherish. There have undoubtedly been many occasions in Irish history when the Irish people might have attained the invaluable advantage of a domestic government if they had been animated by the spirit which supported the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis; and which won for the Swiss the triumphs of Morgarten and Sempach—of Granson and of Morat. But we have to-night to consider not what might have been done if we had been favored by antecedent circumstances, but what we can do under the present condition of affairs in Ireland.

The consideration of this question brings me to the second position which I am desirous to establish—namely, that though we have not been able to maintain in this island a national government, yet that individually Irishmen have proved themselves to be capable of doing all that has been done by the noblest men of other nations.

To illustrate fully this assertion is a task that would require not a single evening alone, but a series of lectures. It would be necessary to go back to those ages when Ireland was the land of saints and of heroes—to the time when the cloisters or the cells of Ireland sent forth missionaries to convert and civilize the banished inhabitants of a great part of Europe. The names and deeds of these great and good men are forgotten by many Irishmen, who ought to cherish their fame as an invaluable heir-loom, but their memory is still honored in the countries which they redeemed from barbarism. In order to do justice to such a task, it would be necessary to go back even beyond the time when Brian cleared this soil of foreign invaders; and to unroll the records of Irish heroism exhibited throughout centuries, not only in the struggle here maintained by Irish valor against foreign usurpation, but also in the achievements of Irish exiles in the service of foreign countries which they have been compelled to adopt as their own. Perhaps there are even some amongst you who would feel a pleasure in being reminded that almost among the last of those who have won hereditary distinction in the peerage of England, was a child of North Munster, who, with his "Tipperary Tactics," won every battle in which he was engaged. But I must leave the story of Irish valor from the time of "Con of the Hundred Battles" down to that of Lord Gough, to be told by some more competent narrator; and I shall now briefly allude to a few additional illustrations of the energy and capacity of Irishmen as exhibited in other fields of action.

Fifty years ago there was to be seen in Ireland scarcely a single edifice of modern structure dedicated to the service of God after the Catholic form of worship. Now there is scarcely a parish, however poor, or however remote, in which a new Catholic Church or Chapel has not been erected by the voluntary and unaided efforts of the Catholic population of Ireland. It is to be regretted, indeed, that a large proportion of these buildings are utterly destitute of architectural beauty; but, on the other hand, several are worthy to vie with the grand remains of what have been called "the barbarous ages." Even in our own city a Cathedral is rising rapidly which will do equal honor to the piety and to the good taste of the inhabitants of this district of Ireland, by the aid of whose contributions it has been constructed.

In illustration of the fame which has been attained by individual Irishmen, I may allude with pride to a fact which is often asserted by persons more competent than I am to form a correct judgment on such a subject—namely, that there are few, if any, learned societies in Europe which have enrolled on their list of members so large a number of men distinguished for science and literature as are to be found in the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin.

I may remind you also, that in all collections of modern art that are exhibited in England, a large proportion of the masterpieces are the productions of Irish artists—many of whom have derived the rudiments of their education from Ireland; though unhappily there do not exist in this country opportunities for carrying forward that education to its highest perfection.

The same observation applies to the literature of Great Britain. Of the works published in England it will be found that no inconsiderable proportion have been composed by Irishmen, though Ireland obtains but a small share of the fame which belongs to these works.

Again: I may refer with pride to the statement made not long since by the eminent railway contractor, Mr. Dargan, to the effect that nearly all the Irish railways which have been conducted with the greatest success have been constructed by means of Irish capital, and administered by Irish management.

It has been the custom of those who are desirous to seek a pretext for thrusting Englishmen and Scotchmen into every office in this country which is remunerated with adequate emolument, to maintain that Irishmen are unfitted for the administration of affairs; but, as far as my observation has extended, I have had occasion to perceive that in Ireland the management of public boards of all kinds is at least equal, if not superior, to that of England. As an instance of what may be done by Irishmen when animated by an independent spirit, I may mention that when I was in exile in Van Dieman's Land, I derived much gratification from learning that the Dublin Exhibition—the management of which was undertaken by the members of the Royal Dublin Society, without the aid of any Government Commission, or of Royal patronage—had been conducted with remarkable success.

It was formerly the custom to discourage every local effort by maintaining that this country does not possess capital adequate to effect great pecuniary combinations. Whilst I admit that Ireland suffers under an incalculable disadvantage arising from the annual tribute which it pays without receiving any equivalent in the drain occasioned by the remittance of rent to absentees, yet I am inclined to think that our pecuniary resources are far greater than we are ourselves disposed to imagine them to be. For myself, I require no better evidence that such is the case than the fact that an overwhelming proportion of the properties brought to sale in the Incumbered Estate Court have been bought by Irishmen by means of Irish capital.

When I was in Belgium I was surprised, and I must add, pained, by learning that a coal mine had been recently opened near Dusseldorf in Germany, which was to be worked entirely by Irish capital and Irish skill. The outlay upon this mine cannot be less than one hundred thousand pounds, and the men engaged upon it are some of the most skilful engineers that Ireland has produced. Though I wish success to the undertaking, I cannot refrain from lamenting that the circumstances of this country (I shall not to-night inquire why) should have been such as to discourage the investment of this capital and the employment of this skill in their natural sphere.

Even at the present moment, during a commercial crisis which extends to Great Britain, France, Germany, and America, the monetary position of this country is found to be more safe than that of other countries. Unless I am mistaken, Irish capital is at present seeking investment to a large extent in English securities, and thereby affording aid to the embarrassments of British commerce.

From the foregoing considerations I infer that Ireland has produced many individuals who have shown themselves to have been possessed of genius and capacity for success in regard of arts, letters, and arms—and, also, that Ireland possesses all the resources, material and moral, which are requisite for attaining a high position amongst the nations of the earth.]

What, then, is wanting to bring into effective development these elements of national greatness?

My answer is—Self-reliance and a spirit of patriotic co-operation on the part of the children of our own soil. We have been so long provincialized that we think and act, not as becomes the members of a great nation, but as the adjuncts and dependants of a superior power. Instead of considering what we can do for ourselves, we are always inclined to inquire—what can others do for us?

Now, I have no desire to set myself forward as censor of my fellow-countrymen, but I should be guilty of moral cowardice if I were to lay blame upon others which, I feel, ought to be borne by ourselves. Let us begin at home. We all complain that it is disgraceful to such a city as Limerick not to possess a public library and a museum. Yet, when a proposition is made for the establishment of a public library, it is negatived by a vote of the citizens.

It is truly wonderful that a population so desirous of instruction as are the inhabitants of this city, should allow year to pass after year without establishing here either a museum or a public library. The Corporation ought to take the lead in regard of projects of this kind. If they were to appeal to the country for support, there is every reason to hope that they would not make such an appeal in vain. The inhabitants of Ennis, by establishing a public library in that town, have set an example which deserves to be imitated by you.

(*Conclusion next week.*)

DEATHS.

On the 16th ult., at Kingstown, Harriet, wife of J. Benison, Esq.

At Rathmines, Lieut.-Col. Blackney.

At Clifton, Major Colthurst Brabazon, late of Leemount, county Cork.

At Corbally, county Tipperary, Marianne, relict of Wm. Bradshaw, Esq.

At Comber House, county Derry, Mrs. Browne, relict of John H. Browne, Esq., of same place.

At her residence, the Knock, Mrs. Bruce, aged 32 years.

On the 13th ult., at her residence, Francis street, Dundalk, in the 57th year of her age, Anne, relict of the late Mr. John Carroll, of Dundalk.

At the residence of her brother, Sir William Crosbie, Bart., Heather Dorothea Crosbie, in her 64th year, daughter of the late Sir Edward Crosbie, Bart., county Wicklow.

Mary, daughter, of the late Richard Cunningham, Esq., of Churchill, county Down.

On the 17th ult., Julia, relict of Edward Cunnigham, Esq., formerly of Milltown, county Kerry.

Miss Elizabeth Dickie, daughter of the late Robert Dickie, Esq., of Cloonaleen, county Louth.

In Limerick, Anna, daughter of the late Captain John Doris, formerly of Limerick.

At Phœnix House, Dalkey, Patrick Dromgoole, Esq., late of Bride street, Dublin.

At Foster Park, the Hon. Mrs. Blake, widow of Francis Blake Foster, Esq., of Knockmoy Abbey, co. Galway.

At Youghal, aged 92, Blessing, widow of R. Hannan, Esq., Supervisor of Excise.

Joshua Hayes, Esq., aged 86 years, only son of the late Richard Hayes, Esq., of Gardiner's place, Dublin.

In Limerick, Sarah, relict of Dr. Knight.

At the Hill, Strabane, James MacCullagh, Esq., in his 80th year. Mr. MacCullagh was the Father of the late Professor MacCullagh.

At his residence, Oldcourt, Mr. John MacGrane.

In Cork, Johanna, daughter of the late M. M'Carthy, Esq., of Youghal.

At Cahir Lodge, near Kenmare, Kate, wife of R. Maybury, Esq., solicitor.

October 21, at Futtehpore, Colonel Charles O'Brien, of the 3rd Bengal Native Infantry, son of the late Dr. O'Brien, of Ennis, county Clare.

In Castle street, Tralee, at an advanced age, Mrs. Alicia O'Connell. She was the last survivor of the Tarmons branch of the O'Connell family.

At St. Orans, county Galway, Mrs. O'Malley, wife of Edward O'Malley, Esq.

In Tuam, Mrs. Potter, relict of Denis B Potter, Esq., solicitor

On board the Essex, from Melbourne, aged 22, Amelia, daughter of Bingham Saradeld, Esq., Lower Glanmire road, Cork.

At Charleville, aged 80 years, Mary, relict of Edward Saunders, Esq.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

How Louis Napoleon Escaped from Ham.—I recorded, during the last days of December, that one of the first guests at breakfast at the Elysee was the cure of the fortress at Ham, who had been the Prince's spiritual director, as well as one of his principal social resources during his imprisonment; and at the same breakfast was likewise present the faithful dog who had been his more constant companion, and, most unwittingly, had nearly destroyed his master's chance of escape. I premise that I never was at Ham, and have no personal acquaintance with the locality, but repeat the story as it was told, at the time, to me: "The Prince, disguised as one of the file of workmen going forth to their dinner, had passed the drawbridge, when the director, whose duty it was to examine them in passing, caught his eye, and turned to interrogate the foreman as to his identity, when his attention was diverted by some defect in a work then in progress. Whilst his inquiries in reference to this were going on, the line of workmen passed out, and the Prince amongst them. He then took a separate direction, which had been before arranged, to the summit of a bare acclivity. Casting his eyes around, he saw that his dog, which had been shut up to prevent the chance of betrayal, had made his escape, had caught sight of him, known him in spite of his disguise, and was bounding and careering after him at full speed, little aware how fatal, at such a moment, would be any habitual demonstration of his affection. Had the Prince hurried his pace whilst yet in sight, that very act would probably have caused instant suspicion. With what intense anxiety had he, therefore, to calculate the possibility of passing the brow of the hill before this unconscious cause of danger reached him. The intermediate summit of the undulating ground was already behind him, and just concealed him from the fortress, when the delighted animal jumped upon his shoulder, and was welcomed in safety, and, I understand, has never since left him." How much of future political destiny, perhaps, hung upon the comparative speed at which the dog and his master had passed the intervening distance.—*Lord Normanby.*

The Dullness of Great Men.—Decaters, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friends said of him after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Cornelle, the great dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he never was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles the II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the wit of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, persevering, even before a single stranger, in stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation; not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by the talk of others.

Madame Catherine Hayes Bushnell.—Extract of a letter from Pau: "Among the many amusements of this gay place, which swarms with foreigners of distinction of all nations, we have regular hunting meets, promenades, balls, and *soirees*, which occupy us by night and day. Out of doors we have, though in what may be called mid-winter, weather as bright and warm as in the finest autumn days, and within the charming company assembled here render our evenings very gay. A delightful addition to our society has lately been made by the arrival of Madame Catherine Hayes Bushnell and her husband. She is a most charming, unaffected person, and the favorite of every circle in which she is known. A few evenings since she gave us a *soiree*, at which nearly all the Pau world were present; it went off delightfully. Our hostess gave us some Italian airs, which she sang splendidly. Many of the company who had never heard her before were quite enchanted, and even I, though I had heard her sing in Rome and in London, was really surprised at the beauty of her voice. We had also an Irish air, which was beautifully sung, and delighted us beyond all measure. Everybody came away charmed."

The "Times" Special Corepspondent.—Dr. W. H. Russell, the historian of the Crimean war, is again "placed on commission," and is to proceed at once to India, as the special correspondent of our metropolitan contemporary. Should the war in India continue, we may therefore expect such vivid and reliable details as brought the deeds at Alma, at Inkerman, and at Sebastopol, almost in their reality before the eyes of the reader; and even though the war should terminate before Dr. Russell's arrival in the East, there will be ample scope for the exercise of his vigorous pen and clear intellect.—*Liverpool Post.*

Sagacity in Birds.—The following remarkable instance of sagacity in the swallow is taken from Everett's "Life of Dr. Adam Clarke:" "The nearest approach to reason in animals I ever was witness," said the Doctor, "was at Ratcliffe Close, near Bury, in Lancashire. Looking up to the eaves of a house, I saw a number of swallows' nests in a row, and no place of egress, I inquired of Mr. Bealie, the proprietor of the building, how it was they assumed such an appearance; when he told me, that in that neighborhood they were designated 'blind nests.' Before the return of the swallows in spring, some sparrows had taken possession of them. On the arrival of the original proprietors, attempts were made to eject the occupants; but the sparrows sat and maintained possession. Other swallows came to the aid of the lawful owners; but no power which they possessed would serve the purpose of ejecting the sparrows. What was the result? The swallows, after various and fruitless attempts, assembled on the roof of the building, and sat for some time as though in grave deliberation; they then flew away, each returning, in a few seconds, with mud in his bill, when they closed up the holes, thus burying the sparrows alive; where, in those nests, they remain entombed to this day."

An Amiable Bruin.—We find the following anecdote of two children, one four, and the other six years old, who rambled away from their friends, who were hay-making. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and, without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new play-fellow. The parents missing the truants became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

English Morality.—A Liverpool correspondent of the *Nation* sends that journal the following copy of an advertisement taken from an English print: "Dear Sir—The following advertisement appeared in last Friday's *Liverpool Mercury*: 'Wanted, a Wetnurse, Unmarried. Apply at 3 Norton street, between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning.' It is, I think, unique. I send it to you as exemplifying the tendency of morals in this country. A family in this town some time ago also advertised for an unmarried wetnurse, and found one who had 'given such satisfaction,' that the lady of the house now plays quite a secondary part." "Serve her right;" the "lady of the house," whose morality is of such a stamp as to issue such an advertisement, deserves just such treatment. And yet probably the "lady of the house" is a subscriber to Irish Evangelization Mission for teaching us morality. Out upon you, hypocrites!

Paying for Kissing.—At the petty sessions held at Shepton Mallet, England, G. Shore was summoned by Margaret Pugsley, a dressmaker, for that he on a Sunday, at the parish of Shepton Mallet, did unlawfully assault her, the said Margaret Pugsley, by kissing her in the Queen's highway. It appeared there were, on the day in question, several young men out for a walk, and Miss Pugsley also. As they saw her coming, one of the party said, "Who will kiss this young lady for sixpence?" Shore said, "I will," and walked out to meet her, near the tree which overspreads the road, and when she came to him he gently laid his arm on her shoulder and stamped a kiss on her cheek. After the justices had heard what Miss Pugsley had to say, and also what Shore had to say in reply, they sentenced Shore to a fine of 10s. and 6s. 6d. costs.

Habits of the Rhinoceros.—Wherever the footprints of the rhinoceros are seen, there are also marks of the animal having ploughed up the ground and bushes with his horn. This has been supposed to indicate that he is subject to "fits of ungovernable rage;" but when seen, he appears to be rather rejoicing in his strength. He acts as a bull sometimes does when he gores the earth with his horns. The rhinoceros, in addition to this, stands on a clump of bushes; bends his back down, and scrapes the ground with his feet, throwing it out backwards, as if to stretch and clean his toes, in the same way that a dog may be seen to do on a little grass; this is certainly not rage.—*Dr. Livingston.*

A Veteran of the French Army.—There is now living on the Boulevard de la Chapelle St. Denis, an old soldier named Hermand, who was born on the 30th November, 1750, and therefore has entered upon his 108th year. He has received no less than 42 wounds, and has undergone the operation of trepanning. Two years ago he was able to read without glasses, had the use of his hearing, and took long walks alone. He retains his memory in an extraordinary degree, and relates, without mistaking a name or a date, all the different scenes through which he has passed.

Warlike Movements.—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says a very bad feeling prevails at Constantinople and St. Petersburg, arising from the Principalities question. Turkish as well as Russian forces are gradually approaching the Danube.

Naples.—The Neapolitan government has declared the steamer Cagliari to be a fair prize of war. The English prisoners are included in the impeachment, to be tried immediately. An earthquake took place on the night of the 17th Dec., throughout the whole kingdom of Naples, but its effects were most severe in the towns of Salerno, Potenza and Nola. At Salerno the walls of the houses were rent from top to bottom. Numerous villages were half destroyed. In the provinces of Basilicata and on the main land, the dead (says the despatch) are reckoned at several thousands. This is considered an exaggeration. The authorities had erected huts for the houseless families. The city of Naples experienced three violent shocks, and the population had encamped in the open country. The northern parts were exempt.

Size of French, English, and Russian Bones.—M. Bauden states that, examining the multitude of bones at the foot of the mountain at Inkermann, down which the Russians had been precipitated, he found that they were those of men of no great stature, but exhibiting remarkable strength of structure. The size of a femur or tibia at once enabled him to distinguish the bones of a Russian from those of a Frenchman or Englishman.

The Silent Witnesses. — Yesterday an officer and myself had taken a party of twenty men out patrolling, and we found fourteen women with their throats cut from ear to ear. * * * We caught a man there, who said that he saw them killed for fear they should fall into our hands, &c.—*Extract from the Epistle of a "Gallant Fellow" in Delhi.*

The Profession of Monarch.—The King of Wurtemburg was stopping at the Baths of Biarritz, and was obliged to enter his name (an assumed one) in the books. The attendant asked him as follows: "What is your name?" "Count de Teck." "Whence coming?" "Wurtemburg." "Motive for travelling?" "Health and pleasure." "What profession?" "King."

"Go Forward."—Letters from Moscow talk of printers' work. A rich merchant, called Soldatenkoff, has started a series of cheap publications for popular instruction, on the model of Chambers. It is a pity that the mass of the natives cannot read; and the beauty of the undertaking is, that the opulent merchant himself can neither read nor write.

Russia.—An imperial decree has been issued, providing for the partial enfranchisement of the serfs. The decree institutes very important changes in the relations between the peasantry and landed proprietors of the country.

In the "Memoirs of Beranger" there is the following sketch of Talleyrand: "I have to speak of M. Talleyrand and of the little opportunity I had to measure the man with his reputation. He had several times expressed a wish to meet me. 'Why don't you invite him to dinner,' said one of my friends, who could not make it out. He replied with a smile, 'I am too much the grand seigneur to let myself be refused.' He asked Lafitte to invite him to dine, to meet me, in the beginning of 1827. At last, then, I could observe at leisure this singular personage, and at first I was all eyes and ears. He knew that some years before, when indirectly requested to write a *chanson* against him, I had answered 'Wait until he is minister.' No doubt he did not value me a bit the more, and cared just as little for the prejudices that he must have thought I had against him, if even he saw anything in my humble self but an object of curiosity. He made himself quite charming for me, and made a point of talking politics to me. It was in trying to reply to some ill-natured remarks on the Duke of Orleans, now King, that he uttered to me the oft-repeated *mot*, '*Ce n'est pas quelqu'un c'est quelque chose.*' After several meetings I was able to satisfy myself that, if many witty sayings had been given to him, he was able to make a present of many more to others. Wit in him was only the dress of a great good sense summed up in a brief and piquant form. His age and the different parts he had played might have been unknown, and yet they might have been guessed by the vast experience shown in all he said, relieved by the perfect tone of people of good society, who have passed through revolutions, and whom the *mauvais ton* of others never puts out. It is true his position gave him immense advantages in the *salons*. At every question he took time to answer. He had made himself an oracle, and people questioned him as such, attaching a meaning to his silence, which often was only *ennui* or indolence, his faverite vice. To sum up, he had nothing about him high, deep, or generous. A perfect egotist, his private interest was always the sole motive of his political acts, which is sufficient to contradict the reputation of a great statesman that men have tried to make for him, who were dazzled by his old titles and his princely splendor."

As Lord Palmerston was going down to the House, recently, he was met by one of the peripatetic newsvenders, who was hallooing out, "Capture of Nena Sahib," &c., &c. His lordship is said to have asked the man how he dared to deceive the public so. "My lord," said the shrewd outsider of literature, "I follow my business as you follow yours!"

According to a Vienna letter in the *Post Gazette* of Frankfort the Austrian government intends, after effecting the reduction of its army, to keep 100,000 men in Hungary and the German provinces, 100,000 in Italy, and 50,000 in Vienna and the environs.

A bill is being proposed by the Solicitor-General for Ireland for the purpose of simplifying the transfer of land in that country.

In the beginning of this year a translation, in the Russian language, is to be published of the best classical works in the English and French tongues. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Philip the Second of Spain," Grote's voluminous "History of Greece," and Thierry's "Norman Conquest," have been selected to begin this undertaking.

The sufferings of many regiments in India, not actually engaged in the warfare which prevailed, is represented as severe and trying in the extreme. Many officers have not changed their clothing for two months, and have been up day and night. The 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers are especially mentioned as exposed to great hardships.

A representative to the British drama, anxious to make the French provincial public acquainted with Shakspeare, is performing what the French call "les tragedies du Grand Williams" at Strasburg, single-handed, *i. e.*, he recites Hamlet in English, and all other characters are spoken in French. He is said to be very successful.

There was a slight attempt at disturbance at Genoa, recently, on the anniversary of the expulsion of the Austrians from that city, the object of the mob being to break the windows of the Austrian Consul-General, but the demonstration was checked without the employment of the military.

A writer from Delhi says: "I am sorry to say that we lost a good many men at first, owing to the large quantity of liquor which the Sepoys had left purposely in the houses, and with which many of the Europeans became intoxicated; and were cut off by the rebels concealed in the houses."

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly-married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising." His wife, who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say if I had my silk gown on?"

The Polish General Dwernizki, who played a conspicuous part in the last Polish war of independence, has departed this life at Lopatge, Gallicia, a property of Count Zamoyski. The veteran general was in his 82d year.

A bill has been passed by the Parliament of Holland, after a nine years' struggle, proscribing the Bible and its teaching, and even the utterance of the name of Jesus in all the public schools.

The population returns of Sweden give increases as follows: In 1850, 3,482,541 inhabitants; in 1856, 3,639,332. Similar returns for Norway: 1850, 1,328,490; 1856, 1,490,640. These figures are official.

In 1856 the population of France was at a stand still, and there was that year a preponderance of deaths over births to the extent of nearly 500,000. Various causes are assigned for this.

An imperial decree in the *Moniteur* announces that foreign brandies are henceforth to pay, on importation into France, a duty of 25f. per hectoliter of pure alcohol.

An extraordinary decree grants the credit of one million francs towards alleviating the sufferings of the workmen in France, and finding the communes in employment and food.

Todleben, whose genius shone in the defence of Sebastopol, where, amid a *feu d'enfer*, he got off scathless, has just tumbled from his horse at Wiesbaden, and broken his arm.

At Nantez, M. la Baron Nicholas allows fifty rations of soup daily to the Little Sisters of the Poor in the town, for their poor old men and women.

The Spanish residents in London have presented an address to the Queen of Spain, felicitating her Majesty on the birth of a male heir to the crown.

An attempt is about being made to stock the Australian and Tasmanian rivers with salmon, by taking out from Europe either the ova or the fish.

The Chamber of Commerce of Arres has petioned for the duty on foreign spirits to be raised 30f., but it is thought there will be a return to the old duty of 15f.

A hatter in Cork has thus advertised: "Silk cheaper—money tighter—stock overgrown, makes it compulsory to sell hats at tempting prices."

Colonel Faldherbe, Governor of the French possessions at Senegal, has discovered several gold mines in that colony.

A new barley from Abyssinia is succeeding at Rouen. Each grain gives six stalks, and it ripens in a month sooner than the common sort.

By an imperial amnesty, published at Warsaw, the confiscated property of twenty-seven Poles has been restored to them.

Mr. David Roberts has presented his great picture of Rome, valued at 1,000 guineas, to the Scottish Academy.

Owing to the late fall in prices, tenant farmers in many districts of Ireland are already seeking an abatement in their rents.

Five thousand pounds has been granted by the English Parliament to Dr. Livingston to aid his explorations.

The wife of a laboring man in Tralee has given birth to three children, two sons and a daughter, all doing well.

The number of new fever cases at Lisbon has fallen to 30 a day.

There has been a reduction in the Russian army of 3,000 officers and 200,000 men.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Dr. Kane in Boyhood.—When he was ten years old, four or five neighbor boys, all bigger than himself, who had climbed upon the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting putty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha, attracted to the spot by the outcry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and in a firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to desist and leave the premises; which, of course, was instantly answered by a broadside levelled at himself. Fired at the outrage, he clutched the rain-spout, and climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realize the practicability of the feat; and then he had them, on terms even enough for a handsome settlement of the case. The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonist, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for the best of them, in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till severally and singly he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and holding him there, demanded an explicit apology. Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of punishment, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below, greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall, which would have broken a neck or two mayhap, called out, "Come down, Elisha! O, Elisha, come down!" Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement, "No, Tom, they a'nt done apologizing yet."—*Biography of Dr. Kane.*

Texas.—A correspondent, writing from Ringold Barracks in the above State, sends us the following:—"A shocking accident occurred here lately. There was a lot of condemned property stored in the old *Band* quarters, adjacent to the Guardhouse. A few weeks since this house was broken into and several blankets stolen, together with some great coats; the following night, about 11 1-2, P. M., the sentinel stationed at the magazine was relieved therefrom and posted in the vicinity of the house from which the articles were stolen. About 3 1-2 in the morning the Post-baker, finding it necessary to procure some light wood in order to kindle a fire in the oven, approached the spot where (unknown to him) the sentinel was stationed, who, immediately and without challenging (though he asserts the contrary), shot him through the heart. The poor man died almost instantaneously; he leaves a wife and child. The sentinel had orders to shoot any person he saw attempting to break into the house. Nothing was done to him for thus exceeding his orders. Another man, belonging to this command, was shot in Laredo, within the last couple of weeks, by some Mexicans, as yet unknown."

Are we a Nation of Suicides?—Is it a mere epidemic, some one asks, incited by the reverses from which the country has suffered, that has carried off so many recently by suicide? Is suicide to be to the United States what the plague is to oriental countries? The record of a single week gives this frightful result: Wrightman, editor of the *Carolinian*, and his companion, Elliott, took nitric acid; Dr. O. G. Prescott, formerly of Utica, took prussic acid; Miss McFarlane drowned herself; Mr. Lanham, of Macedon, took laudanum; Mr. Johnson, of Cincinnati, jumped from a ferry boat; Mr. Slade, of Boston, cut his throat; Mr. Lines, of Utica, died by his own hand; Mr. Robenson, of Pultneyville, and Mrs. Armstrong, near Tonawanda, threw themselves before the cars; Mr. Needham, of New York, took laudanum; Mr. Reed, of Worcester, Mass., died by poison, as did Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Robins, of Buffalo, hung himself; Miss Frances M. Farnum, of Wellsville, drowned herself in a state of religious excitement; Burr Whitman, of Cattaraugus, shot himself on account of domestic difficulties. And how many others are plunged unsummoned into the unseen world?

The Dollar Mark [$].—Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of the sign to represent dollars. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., after the adoption of the Federal currency, and which afterwards in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U being made first and the S over it. Others say that it is derived from the contraction of the Spanish word *pesos*, "dollars;" others, from the Spanish *fuetes*, "hard," to distinguish silver from paper money. The more probable explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of eight *reals* or, as the dollar was formerly called, *a piece of eight*. It was then designated by the figures 8 8.

Big Snakes.—An Indian came to a certain "agency" in the Northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had, as he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the "agent" did not credit his story, but the earnestness of the Indian, and the urgency of the case overcame his scruples, and turning to get the liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted. "Four quart," answered the Indian. "Four quarts?" asked the agent in surprise, "so much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, "four quart *snake d—n big!*"

Awful Tragedy in Dracut.—The Lowell *Advertiser* gives the particulars of a dreadful tragedy in the town of Dracut. A young man named Frank Heath, and his sister, living about seven miles from Lowell were arrested for the murder of Joshua Heath, their father, last Sunday night. The old man was a blacksmith, somewhere between 60 and 70 years of age, and was of intemperate habits. He and his children were often quarrelling. The daughter had endeavored to poison him, by giving him tea made of Apple Peru. But the son, on Saturday night, shot him through the head while he was sitting in his chamber, and towards morning buried him in the shop, by digging a hole in the ground sufficiently deep to receive his naked body, and covering him over with earth. The work of burying was done on Sunday. When inquiries were made for the old gentleman, they finally confessed that they had murdered him. They seem to have but a very faint conception of the enormity of the offence of which they have been guilty, and as yet have spent but little time in grieving over their detection, or in lamenting the awful consequences.

Centre Street Armory.—This building stands on part of the site of the "Old Arsenal," which a few years ago was vacated, and the present armory erected in its stead as a drilling establishment for the military. Among the many interesting localities of New York, none were of a higher degree of interest than the trophy-room of the "Old Arsenal." The numerous Revolutionary relics there gathered from all parts of the country, and invested, by associations, with a species of superstitious sanctity, were richly suggestive—serving to refresh the memory of great events, and, as it were, placing the visitor at once in the midst of the stirring incidents which they commemorated. There were to be seen the spoils of Princeton and Saratoga—there were around the walls a formidable array of English, Hessian, and French muskets, Burgoyne "Grasshoppers," Spanish pieces, English carbines, and many other trophies of numerous campaigns, which some antiquary, well read in the secrets of British-American Revolutionary History, might weave into a tale of stirring interest.—*Life Illustrated.*

American Generals.—Washington was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. Knox was a bookbinder and stationer. Morgan (he of the cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Greene was a blacksmith, and withal a Quaker; albeit, through all his Southern campaigns, and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold was a grocer and provision storekeeper in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen—the same that decorated his shop before the Revolution. Gates who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not "march through the United States with five thousand men," was a "regular built soldier," but, after the Revolution, a farmer. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to exhibit to his countrymen a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practise when called upon by their country. Marion, the "swamp fox," of the South, was a cow-boy. Sumpter, the "fighting-cock," of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

The Live Oak.—Not the least remarkable among southern trees is the Live Oak. It is found as far north as the Carolinas, but we did not see any large specimens above the latitude of Savannah; the very largest were on the St. John's, in Florida. Its value for ship timber is widely known. It is also used for the naves and felloes of large wheels, for which it is better suited than white oak. Every winter the hammocks of Florida resound with northern axes, felling these stately trees for exportation to the various cities of the sea board. It is to be regretted that the government does not take more stringent measures to prevent the exhaustion of the live oak groves on the public lands. The sea islands along the coast of Georgia and Florida have been mostly stripped of their oaks to make room for planting cotton. This tree is seldom found more than twenty miles from the shore, and that narrow strip of land has already been much thinned of its best trees.—*Agriculturist.*

Children—A Very Common Error.—One very common error of parents, by which they hurt the constitutions of their children, is the sending them too young to school. This is often solely done to prevent trouble. When the child is at school he needs no keeper. Thus the schoolmaster is made the nurse, and the poor child is fixed to a seat seven or eight hours a day, which time ought to be spent in exercise and diversions.—Sitting so long cannot fail to produce the worst effects upon the body, nor is the mind less injured. Early application weakens the faculties, and often fixes in the mind an aversion to books, which continues for life. It is undoubtedly the duty of parents to instruct their children, at least till they are of an age proper to take some care of themselves. This would tend much to confirm the ties of parental tenderness and filial affection, of the want of which there are at present so many deplorable instances.

Volunteers for the Mormon War.—The proposition to accept volunteers for the war against the Mormons is a good one. It will be a sort of rough and tumble fight, for which frontiersmen are best qualified. It will also furnish an escape valve for a portion of that restless spirit of violence which is continually disturbing the country and involving us in difficulties with other powers.

An Infernal Machine.—The Montgomery *Mail*, having previously given some account of an infernal machine recently invented by a gentleman of Alabama, says: "We saw it at the fair grounds yesterday. There is no doubt that it can be adopted as an instrument for immense destruction of human life in time of war. When steam power shall have been applied to it, it will send bullets in such quick succession, that the different reports cannot be distinguished one from another, and the leaden messengers of death will go on their errands of destruction in a stream, rather than two at a time; not unlike a volume of water from the nozzle of a fire-engine. We do not mean that it will send molten lead, but that the bullets, dropped into the machine one at a time, will flow out with tremendous velocity in a stream.

Singular Accident on Christmas Eve.—Among the decorations of St. James's (Episcopal) Church at Greenfield, Mass., on Christmas Eve, was a large and beautiful "Star in the East," set some forty feet above the pulpit, and lighted by a fluid lamp. In the midst of Rev. Mr. Flint's sermon the star took fire, the evergreens blazing up in a very startling manner. Seeing that the star could not be immediately reached, Mr. Flint continued his discourse, when suddenly the burning mass gave way and fell, the fluid lamp striking him on the back, and scattering the blazing fluid in all directions. Fortunately the fire was extinguished before it had done any serious damage, and Mr. Flint was unhurt. His escape is remarkable.—*Springfield Reporter.*

The Greatest Curiosity of the Age.—The Mobile *Mercury* says, without question, the greatest natural living curiosity of this or any other country is now on exhibition on Royal street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. It is a living negro child, with two heads, four arms, and four legs. It is six years old, very intelligent, speaks with both mouths, sings well, waltzes, and keeps time. This much the bill says, but the beholder cannot dismiss from his mind that he has before him two children, though strictly speaking there is but one. The connection is with the spine, and the best physiologists of Europe and this country have pronounced it one individual child. This seems even more remarkable than the case of the Siamese Twins.

Should not Wonder—Of Iranistan the New Haven *Journal* remarks: "There is a good deal of humbug about that house. Barnum did not build it. It was an old wooden structure when he bought the place, and he fixed it up with fillagree and gingerbread work, domes and minarets. We do not believe any very large amount of money could have been spent upon it, and if we owned it, we should feel ourselves in luck if it burned down. The grounds about the house are valuable, and were well cared for formerly, but the house itself was only a showman's advertisement."

Another Split.—The Methodist Protestant Church is about to follow the example of the Methodist Episcopal and New School Presbyterian churches in separating from the South in consequence of the impossibility of harmonizing in their views on the Slavery question. A convention composed of delegates from the various annual conferences of the church in the free States was held recently in Cincinnati, when the proposed dissolution was thoroughly discussed, and the propriety of sending delegates to the General Conference of the Church, considered.—*Exchange paper.*

What It's Made Up Of.—The census of the United States shows that we have two millions and a half farmers, one hundred thousand merchants, sixty-four thousand masons, and nearly two hundred thousand carpenters. We have fourteen thousand bakers to make our bread; twenty-four thousand lawyers to set us by the ears; forty thousand doctors to "kill or cure," and fifteen hundred editors to keep this motley mass in order, by the power of public opinion controlled and manufactured through the press.

In a Brazilian Prison.—Nathaniel E. Stanton, who left Providence, R. I., nearly two years ago, on board the Mary E. Smith, for New Orleans, is now, with several others who took passage with him, serving out a life sentence in a Brazilian penitentiary—the vessel having turned out to be a slaver, Stanton and others having been compelled to assist in taking a cargo of slaves from the coast of Africa, and having been seized, with the vessel, by a Brazilian man-of-war.

A Mouse in a Child's Stomach.—A child named Tomlinson, of Green Lane, Sulcoats, N. Y., died recently after a lingering illness. In May last the child passed a full grown mouse, minus its head. The mouse had run down the child's throat while playing in a field near Stone Ferry, where its parents then resided. After that time the child continued ailing more or less until its death, the immediate cause of which was diarrhœa.

Tremendous Freshet.—A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* gives an alarming account of the damage done by an overflow of Cumberland river. Fences have been entirely swept away, leaving scarcely a post or rail. Many farmers have lost their fodder and oats as well as all their corn. He estimates that there is one million barrels of corn under water from the Falls of the Cumberland to Nashville, Tenn.

The new theatre in Washington, just erected under the auspices of Messrs. Bourcicault and Stuart of Wallack's in this city, and to be under their management, opened recently to a brilliant and fashionable audience.

The New York *Evening Post* notices the arrival of between one and two hundred boxes of bacon from Liverpool. The history of this shipment is worthy of record. About a year and a half ago, they were shipped from St. Louis *via* New Orleans to England. The market there not favoring a profitable sale, they were transported to Australia. Here, again, the market was glutted, which caused a return of the meat to Liverpool; but the state of affairs there induced the owners to deliver the bacon at New York, for the purpose of being soaked, scraped, and re-smoked, and thus made ready again for the market when prices shall revive.

The Siamese Twins were taken down to Louisville, the other day, to be shown there. The showman who had charge of them gave the conductor but one ticket for the two. The conductor demanded two tickets, as they were two persons. He replied that they never yet had bought more than one. Conductor must have another. Said the showman, "I bought the ticket for Eng. Chang can take care of himself; you can put him off the cars." As Chang could not be off without Eng, whose ticket was paid for, the conductor submitted with as good grace as he could.

The Spaniards are making a great deal of the poet Bryant. A correspondent of the *Musical World* says that, "A pretty poetess has taken possession of him, and at her house we met, informally, almost every evening, the most distinguished men in Spain—authors, ministers, politicians, &c., who seem anxious to know and pay reverence to the American poet. His table is filled with copies of their works, which they daily send him." A late Spanish newspaper contains a very flattering welcome to him.

Some few years ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He had hardly read the words, when an old coon stood up and said: "I tell you folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives about fifteen miles from Lexington, in Kentucky, in an old cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

Great Salt Lake City is laid out on a magnificent scale. It is four miles in length by three in breadth; the streets running at right angles, and 132 feet wide, with sidewalks 20 feet in width. Each building lot contains an acre and a quarter of land; and a stream of pure water running through the city is made, by an ingenious plan, to flow on each side of every street, and to irrigate every lot.

A ball was taken from the body of a man at Rome, N. Y., recently, which had been shot into him by a man named Smith, in Kansas, more than a year previously. The ball entered the left hip, traversed the body, and lodged near the upper rib, on the right side. The sufferer, being relieved of the ball, took it with him, stating that he should go to Kansas and hit Smith with it.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* says that Crawford, the Sculptor, was a native of Ballyshannon, Ireland. It says: "We know that he was a native of Ireland, and emigrated with his parents at an early age, (about seven years), from Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, and the writer of this was well acquainted with his father in the city of New York thirty years ago."

A Canadian gentleman, Mr. Isaac Buchanan, who has just been elected a member of the Provincial Parliament, has created a sensation among his constituents by declaring himself in favor of the form of government existing in the United States, and this avowal of republican sentiments did not in the least diminish his popularity.

A large haul was lately made by some fishermen in the neighborhood of Jamestown on James River, resulting in the capture of between seventy-five and one hundred herrings! Not within the remembrance of the oldest fisherman on the river have herrings been caught at such a season.

Ex-Mayor Wood is, with his family, about to depart upon an extended tour through Europe and Asia, visiting the principal Continental cities, Greece and Turkey, and passing through Syria to the Holy Land.

The report recently published, that the daughters of Mrs. Cunningham were living in Paris, is incorrect. They, together with their mother and brothers, are residing in 23d st. in this city.

In consequence of the hard times, the newspapers in Milwaukee, with the exception of the *Wisconsin*, have ceased taking the telegraphic news reports of the Associated Press.

The editors of Kentucky met in convention at Frankfort on the 16th ult., and agreed to adopt the cash system after the 1st of July next.

Philip S. White, a well known temperance orator, has yielded to the seductive allurements of strong drink.

J. B. Kirker, New York, successor of Dunigan & Brother, will publish a Catholic Almanac for 1858.

It is about as hopeless a task to get a rich woman to live a life of common sense, as it is to get a rich man into the kingdom of heaven.

One hundred and ninety-eight thousand hogs have been killed during the past year in the vicinity of Louisville, Kentucky.

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island has declared a perpetual injunction upon the Rhode Island Central Bank.

Our new Mayor, Mr. Tiemann, shook hands with fifteen thousand persons on New Year's Day.

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THE TABLET FOR THE NEW YEAR!

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE.

We offer the following inducements to persons wishing to subscribe:

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Engraving of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the TABLET, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

To persons sending us $6 in advance for three copies of the TABLET, we will send any 50 cent book of our own Publication, and three Portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop, on their remitting us eighteen cents in postage stamps.

*** Business Letters should be addressed to the "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

*** Letters and Communications for the Editor should be addressed, B. D. KILLIAN, TABLET Office, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BOOK-WORM.—The famous simile of the *caput mortuum* in the letter of Junius against the Duke of Grafton was not original. The earl of Rochester, in one of his sonnets, gave the hint to the "great unknown" libeller.

"Wit, like tierce claret, when it 'gins to pall
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;
But in the full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play."

ENQUIRER.—The story current about Dr. Guelloten is that he was the first to suffer by his own machine-like Phalaris by his brazen bull; but the inventive doctor was alive in 1812, and died in his bed.

OSSORY has a taste for verse which needs only to be cultivated. We must decline inserting his present contribution, in the hope that we shall have occasion soon to publish a better from him.

HUMAN SOULS.

Human souls of every kind
Sail the human sea;
Some have vessels to their mind,
Riding fast and free.
Others' vessels dwarfed, confined,
Unseaworthy be—
Some souls see and some are blind
Having eyes to see.

Some souls twinkle, some souls shine,
Others neither one;
Some like diamonds in the mine,
Others—in the sun.
Some souls roam the starry park,
Some walk in the shade;
Some lie in the moldy dark,
Down where graves are made.

Human souls of every grade
Build the best they choose;
Each can give another aid—
Some give, some refuse.
Some are dowered with sunlight streams
From the heavenly seas;
Others not, and many gleams
Those may give to these.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1858.

THE BERLIN INSULT AGAIN.

THE New York *Chronicle*, one of our best Protestant exchanges, feels offended at us because we "still insist that Mr. Wright, our Minister to Prussia, should be recalled or reprimanded by the Administration for his Protestant Speech at the the Berlin Conference." It feels especially sore at the thought "that a Democratic President and Cabinet should be asked to punish him out of regard to the position of Catholics in the late Presidential election." Will our contemporary hearken to us a few minutes while we endeavor to compose his nerves?

There is no question, there can be none, that Mr. Wright committed a grave error in taking part in a sectarian meeting. No one has attempted to defend him. Several journals hostile to us have confessed that he forgot his duty as a representative of a nation which recognizes no particular religion. Many have said as much as we, "that he ought to be recalled." Even the *Chronicle*, or we gave it credit for an amount of candor which it does not possess, if asked, was Mr. Wright's act proper? would answer in the negative. The impropriety of his conduct being decided, it only remains for us to justify our own in placing, among other reasons for its reprehension at the hands of the Administration, "the recent position of Catholics in the late Presidential election."

In every country, and nowhere more than in this, political obligations are deemed reciprocal as between the party and its members. The somewhat suspicious looking war cry, "to the victors belong the spoils," is everywhere received. I vote for you to keep my principles or myself in power, and you dispense offices to your most influential friends. If you give me a place where I may serve the country and myself, it is understood that a portion of my salary shall be at the service of "the cause." Reciprocity like this, in some manner, is the basis of every party, and the corner-stone of every political organization in the United States. We say nothing of its morality—we know that it is necessary to the existence of political bodies, and we merely state *the fact*. If one can claim particular consideration in view of it, why not a hundred, a thousand, a million? And if it is received as valid in the instance of a constable, why should it be denied in the case of a community, which, in many States, is the sole hope of the Democracy, and their kedge-anchor in all?

Now, there is a great difference between placing party services paramount to merit, as all parties do, and urging them as secondary considerations, useful to secure a hearing for principle, which the TABLET has done. We have not taken the Democracy at its word and claimed a representation in its tenures commensurate with our numbers, well knowing that it would not grant it. We have only asked its Chiefs to carry out in the matter of our foreign Diplomacy the spirit of the Constitution, which they cannot disregard without breaking their oaths. Here are our words:

"Not the least striking reason for taking issue on this Berlin case is to be found in the fact that the Federal authority is in the hands of a Democratic President and Cabinet. If any other party than theirs held the reins of power we might still appeal on constitutional grounds against the action of Mr. Wright, and we can truly add to these, in the present instance, the scarcely less forcible ones arising out of our position in the late Presidential election. We would be, perhaps, the last writer on the Catholic Press to give any undue value to party services; but where they may be supposed to quicken the ears of politicians to the words of their constituents it is no harm to refer to them. The judicious advocate is seldom so impressed with the justness of his cause that he overlooks the *personal* pleas with which he hopes to influence the jury."

And this the *Chronicle* calls "Romanism in Politics." Let us reverse the case. Suppose Col. Fremont had been elected instead of Mr. Buchanan, and that a Catholic Representative, appointed to Rome as a set-off to the Catholic votes thrown for the Republican candidate in the Northern part of this State and throughout Wisconsin, had taken part in a Catholic religious gathering having for its avowed object the conversion of Prussia. We think we see the *Chronicle* enraged at the bare idea! "A Catholic Minister," who ever heard of such a thing in a "Protestant Country?" Softly, friend, this is no "Protestant Country," some even doubt if it be a Christian one; and the Constitution you would appeal to in the contingency we suppose, is the same which we ask to be borne out in the instance of Mr. Wright. Even if there were no Constitution guaranteeing equal privileges to all citizens, you might very justly demand the Catholic Minister's recall on the principles of common sense, and we greatly underrate your modesty or you would also remind Mr. Fremont that Protestant votes put him in power, and Protestant feelings deserved to be respected. Think you the TABLET would say, lo! "Protestantism in Politics?" Do credit to its freedom from fanaticism, and believe it would join in your suit, even to the extent of adverting to Mr. Fremont's obligations to his Protestant supporters.

While on this subject the transition is natural from our censor of the *Chronicle* to our Catholic cotemporaries who have preserved silence since the Berlin insult. We disavow any intention of affecting to know their business as well as our own; but the example of the Charleston *Miscellany* and Pittsburgh *Catholic*, who have both written warmly against Mr. Wright, would seem to indicate that greater unanimity of expression might have been evinced without a sacrifice of principle. It is yet time to secure the dismissal of our Ambassador at the Prussian Court; and we have every reason for believing that, if the Catholic press desire to prevent future misconceptions of duty on the part of our accredited agents at foreign capitals, they may make Mr. Wright's a warning to all coming American diplomats. One of Moliere's best characters is Alceste in "The Misanthrope," who neglected the precautions of prudence and allowed a lawsuit which he might have gained to be lost by default, for the purpose of seeing "*how far human wickedness could go.*" Shall we—should we—imitate him?

THE ABOLITION OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

IN spite of the increasing success of the Hindoo revolution, a report is going the rounds of the English press that the East India Company is about to be discharged and superseded by the British Government. There can be no truth in it. If India were quiet, and its superintendence profitable, it would be in keeping with English policy to disregard the rights of British subjects; but India in arms, and her cause so far triumphant, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are not likely to detach from their side a powerful auxiliary like the great Corporate Thieving Club. It is only when the booty is secure and no more danger is to be expected, that the robber would get rid of his assistant. If this revolution be put down (which God forbid!) it is probable that it will be deemed sufficient reason for a withdrawal of power from Leadenhall Street. If not, the Hindoos will take all the responsibility of wiping out "vested rights" themselves, and save the British Government from a chance of cheating its confederates in the spoliation of the Peninsula.

The more we read of Indian History in connection with English dominion the more are we impressed with the conviction that no Catholic, setting national feelings aside, can fail to wish victory to the representatives of the native nationalities. We have quoted dozens of authorities, Protestant and Catholic, to show that Christianity has never succeeded in Pagan countries, and never can succeed except by a perpetual miracle, side by side with English commerce, and its attendant English cupidity. The last witnesses which we will call on this subject are two ministers of the Established Church, whose dependence on the State is the very best guarantee that they speak from conviction and overlook expediency. Cladius Buchanan, D.D., once Vice-Provost of Fort William College, an institution supported largely by the East India Company, writing from Tranquebar, the scene of the first Protestant Mission, founded by Ziegenbalg, says: "Religion flourishes more among the natives of Yanpore (a Catholic mission independent of English social influences,) and in other provinces where there are few Europeans, than here or at Madras; *for I find that European example in the bane of Christian instruction.*" In another place he writes: "Prejudice is confirmed and our religion brought into contempt *in a manner which precludes every ray of hope of the future prevalence of Christianity at the seats of Government.*" Both these sentences were published while the writer was living on the funds of the East India Company. Archdeacon Jeffries is not less explicit. "For one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labor," says the Archdeacon, "the drinking practice of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards in India."

Catholicity alone has ever converted a pagan people; and so long as English Protestantism is held up by the Home government and the East India Company to do battle against heathenism, India is doomed to remain unconverted. Let the Hindoos succeed in winning back their inheritance and the sons of St. Xavier will bring India into the fold within a century.

THE GOV. OF MARYLAND ON THE BALTIMORE KNOW-NOTHING OUTRAGES.

THE Baltimore *Sun* of the 8th inst. contains Gov. Lignon's Message to the Legislature of Maryland, and very properly calls it "a vigorous review of affairs, which no one, animated with a proper respect for the honor of the State, can contemplate without profound regret." The *Sun* alludes to the Governor's extended statements on the subject of the late Know-Nothing outrages which resulted so disastrously to the cause of law and order, and the character of Maryland.

We have risen from the perusal of the Governor's Message with a strong conviction against the official honesty of Mayor Swan and his supporters. Under the specious plea of "municipal rights" they have sought to bring the Governor into discredit, and to cherish their partiality for the Know-Nothing sentiment about them, at the expense of the State Executive. How shallow are their sophisms—how wholly wanting in ingenuousness—may be seen by any one who will take the trouble of following Gov. Lignon over the question in dispute.

Martial law subjects a community exclusively to the dominion of military authority. To declare this law in civil communities is to supersede all civil authority, to establish in the place of the ordinary tribunals of justice courts martial for the trial of all offenders, whose proceedings are conducted exclusively under military supervision and control. The power to declare martial law is not vested in the Executive of the State of Maryland, and its exercise was never for a moment a matter of the slightest contemplation. What was done in Baltimore is a matter of frequent occurrence. That it shall not become still more so, as the Governor says, is a matter for the corrective influence of the people themselves.

After a somewhat impassioned statement of the facts in relation to his calling out the militia, and, when he found the militia would not come, his subsequent arrangements with the Mayor, he declares that, although obliged to grant certificates of election to those who were returned as chosen, in his opinion, the election was fraudulently conducted; "that owing to the exclusion of thousands of people from the polls, there was no expression of the popular will; that the whole returns from the city are vicious, without a decent claim to official recognition anywhere, and in all their character a gross insult to our laws, and a most offensive mockery of the great principles of political independence and popular suffrage." In fact, to believe Gov. Lignon, Baltimore on that occasion was given over to the sway of ruffianism, and honest citizens were forced to suffer a despotism of brute force from which nothing but Executive authority could have saved them.

In the presence of this Baltimore election we may draw a moral not unworthy of general attention. As the State can scarcely be supposed to have any partialities for city factions as such, it is the duty of every peace-loving man to see that its efforts to preserve order shall not be construed into attacks on the freedom of municipalities.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—The army of Utah—like that of Drusus in his distant German Campaigns—threatens to suffer for the want of provisions, consequent on the distance over which they must pass, and the obstruction of travel by the cold and snows of the season. There is a difference, however, between the two cases. Drusus was already with the Batavi when the winter set in, and for months before, while poor Col. Anderson was turned adrift to meet Winter in the inhospitable and uninhabited plains of the West.

IN PRESS.—The Messrs. Sadliers will issue in a few weeks William Carleton's new book—"THE BLACK BARONET." Our foreign exchanges regard it as the very best of the author's many good novels.

THE "HERALD" ON THE EXECUTION OF DONNELLY.

Much as we deprecate whatever savors of the theatrical in the presence of death, we feel called upon to protest against the strictures in last Sunday's *Herald* on the expressions used by Donnelly before his execution. The writer in the *Herald* feels that his remarks run counter to the public opinion which rests satisfied when the objects of Justice are effected, and labors to apologize for them by pleading, that Donnelly inculpated a person heretofore unsuspected of the murder. This plea can only be sustained on the assumption that Donnelly and no one else was guilty—an assumption which necessarily excludes the charitable sentiments which the writer acknowledges to be due to the dead, and results in what logicians call a vicious circle.

The plea upon which the *Herald* would deny the privilege of a last declaration to the convicted in the presence of eternity, is on a par with the one we have noticed. Because Donnelly accused a person of murder, the *Herald* would take away from others the opportunity of declaring their guilt which often occurs, and thus saving altogether from punishment, or mitigating the sentence of, *accomplices*. It will not do to say that confessions of this kind might be made before the day of execution. In a hundred cases they would imply some complicity in the crime on the part of the individual confessing, and by narrowing the limits of suspicion destroy wholly or in part the hope of escape which only dies with the dying.

We cannot permit ourselves to say more on this subject without falling into the error which we condemn in the *Herald*. The evidence taken on Donnelly's trial seems to preclude the *conviction* of another for the same crime; but if the proper authorities think otherwise, we trust they will immediately act and relieve the awakened curiosity of the public.

The "Western Star."—This is the appropriate title of a new Catholic weekly, published by Flaven & Co., in Dubuque Iowa, and edited by clergymen. The first number before us is printed from clear type, on good paper; and the editorial and selected matter gives promise of no common kind in the future.

A paper like the *Star* has long been needed in the West. If we except the Detroit *Vindicator* and the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, the vast territory lying westward of Lake Erie has had no tongue to speak for it to the Catholic world unless the press of the seaboard; and when we consider the great interests at stake in that nursery of nations, we rejoice that they are no longer depending for utterance to courtesy, however generous.

The programme laid down by the *Star* is only equalled in extent by the space in which it hopes to circulate, and we therefore find in its pages, side by side with an article on Catholic interests in India, the opening paper of a series on Practical Philosophy. The latter aims at popularizing the science of thinking correctly, and is peculiarly adopted to the wants of a comparatively new country.

Need we assure the *Star* and its editors that we wish them a long and useful career?

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the fourth annual ball of the Young Men's Association, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphans, comes off at Niblo's Saloon, on Tuesday, the 19th instant. It is, of course, unnecessary for us to do more than barely announce the fact, as we feel convinced that the patrons and supporters of the orphans on previous occasions will not be remiss in the present instance, nor turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the indigent and friendless. When it will be recollected that the proceeds of this ball in former years have been devoted to the purpose of clothing 800 destitute orphans under the charge of the good Sisters of Charity, we are certain that the knowledge of the circumstance will, of itself, be sufficient to ensure a full attendance.

THE "GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR" BORN IN IRELAND.

When we adverted a few weeks ago to the fact that Thomas Crawford was of Irish parentage, and took exception to the narrow nationalism which confers on Ireland the dishonor of her disreputable children and withholds from her the credit of the worthy ones, we were not aware that the so-called "great American Sculptor" was born in "green Innisfail." Harper's lying and partial book, entitled "Men of the Time," sets down his birth at New York, in 1814; and while quite certain that his father and mother were natives of Ballyshannon, Donegal, we had no information which would justify us in claiming the Sculptor himself as an Irishman.

The Albany *Knickerbocker*, of a late date, settles the question of his nativity. It says: "*We know* that he was a native of Ireland, and emigrated with his parents at an early age (about seven years) from Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, and the writer of this was well acquainted with his father in the city of New York thirty years ago." How many papers which contained the misstatement concerning his American birth will copy this correction? How many?

A MODEL ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The following is from the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, a paper of some political reputation, but one in which a Catholic editor can rarely meet anything worth extracting. The writer could find connected with the Catholic Church many educational institutions for families as well as Orphan Asylums, where the various branches of housewifery are taught; and to our mind it is much to be regretted that they are not taught in all:

> The Harmon street Orphan Asylum is under the Superintendence of Madame Boucher and four or five assistants, and is exclusively devoted to the maintenance and education of the young orphan girls, who, taken at any age over three, may remain till they are eighteen years of age. The education given is limited to the branches most necessary to people of humble life, and is intended to fit the children particularly as domestic servants. They are taught to read, write, a little of arithmetic, to cook, wash, iron, bake; to sew, knit and embroider a little; and to all that pertains to housework. The earnings of the children are large in good times and do much towards the expenses of the house. All the children had learned to read with various degrees of excellence—all sang a little, while the writing books were creditable to any schools. The basement of the building has two dining rooms, kitchen, larder and laundry. Here were half a dozen young girls busy at the week's ironing, and all have their allotted tasks in turn in laundry, kitchen, dining room and dormitory. The second and third stories are occupied by dormitories and rooms for clothing, linens, &c. It is a curious sight, the large dormitories with their eighty little beds with iron frames and cleanly coverings. Here the smallest children retire at half-past six and all others at eight o'clock. They rise at half-past five—dress and wash, go to prayers in the chapel—take a walk every pleasant morning—make beds—take breakfast—go to school—enjoy recreation—work at their sewing—dinner getting—washing, and so on through a round of work, play, school and eating through the day, making the place one lively, cheerful, and busy beehive.

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly for January.—There are several very interesting essays, historical and otherwise, in this number of the coalesced Magazines, but the central point of attraction is a very curious, and to the extent of the writer's information, really liberal article, entitled "Romanism and Protestantism." It is not deep, or able, or shallow, and we leave the reader to decide *what* it is when he sees it.

A Merited Honor.—We learn with sincere pleasure from a Supplement of the New Orleans *Propagateur Catholique* that persons in that city have opened a subscription list for the purpose of presenting Commodore Paulding with a sword. The gallant, straightforward seaman deserves it. If unacquainted with the quips of diplomacy his honest desire to do his duty is as patent to the world as the flag he serves under.

The Abbe Huc's Views at the South.—The Alabama Methodist Protestant Annual Conference has adopted the following resolution: "That any parents or guardians belonging to our church, who shall patronize that school of sin the dancing-school, by sending their children or wards, shall be subject to a trial and reproof, suspension or expulsion, as the case may demand."

Talk of Inquisitions after this!

SENATOR DOUGLAS AND THE FILLIBUSTERS.

In view of the discreditable scenes enacted by Southern Senators in the National Congress during the discussion of the President's late message on the fillibusters, it is pleasant to know that the rumor concerning Senator Douglas's adhesion to Walker's cause is wholly false. Our assidious Washington correspondent "Sigma," speaking on the best authority, writes:

> A rumor was rife to-day among the gentlemen of the press, that Senator Douglas was coming out in favor of Walker and fillibusterism. I can assure you and the readers of the Tablet, that there is not the least foundation for the report. My impression is, that Mr. Douglas will not allow that question to trouble his mind one way or the other, and will leave it in the hands of the executive, where it properly and solely belongs.

The Latest News from India.—We confine ourselves to an article from the *Nation* on the latest news from the peninsula for the excellent reasons following, which we take from the Dublin *Telegraph*:

> It is one of the many extraordinary and incomprehensible features of this revolt from beginning to end, that there is always something inexplicable, mysterious, and irreconcilable in the intelligence we receive concerning it. The telegram is generally an *olla podrida*, a confusion worse confounded, then comes a second despatch which clears up something in one particular, and renders another still more obscure—and last, though, by no means least, come the heavy mails which tell us a vast deal of what we know before, and give us a new version of telegram syllabus. One of two facts results from these unaccountable discrepancies, either the truth is not told in the first instance, or if told, is so mystified, garbled, and metamorphosed, somewhere or by some one, that after it reaches the public it is next to unintelligible. We know of nothing that demands so strict a parliamentary inquiry as this tampering with or mismanagement of the despatches from the seat of a conflict that is creating the most intense anxiety and interest in every portion of the habitual globe.

The French press loudly complains against this stale English trick of muddying the fountains of intelligence to suit "state purposes." Even private packages for the Paris papers, as the *Patrie* tells us, have been broken upon, and others destroyed or detained.

How Time deals with False Prophets.—A London paper of August 25, 1789, thus speculates about the Pope: "The present Pope will probably be the last. There is every reason to suppose that his successor will be no more than Bishop of Rome, or perhaps Patriarch of the West. The emancipation of France will give such an overthrow to Popery, that it is probable, in process of time, the purest religion will be established there, and that is the Protestant system. The key which hangs to the Pope's girdle will have few locks hereafter, except those of heaven, to open. His revenue from France cut off, Poland declining, and Avignon in a state of revolt, how are the holy coffers to be filled?"

The "process of time" teaches a very different lesson. France was never more Catholic than now, or the Pope more firmly seated on his throne.

Not so Much.—The Rev. Dr. Heiner, pastor of the Second street Church in Baltimore, completed his twenty-second years' ministry among his people last Sunday. During his pastorate he has solemnized 460 marriages; baptized 834 persons; confirmed 512; buried 495, and administered the Holy Sacrament nearly 100 times.

Dr. Heiner must have had a lax, or very diffident, congregation.

We are in receipt of the Messrs. Murphy & Co's. Youth's Magazine for January, and two new tales, just issued by H. McGrath of Philadelphia, in the Parochial School Series.

SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say;—
Here's dear old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way;
Here's good Old Ireland!
Low'd Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The pattern and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there,
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pillalu"
And a thundering "clear the way!"
Here's gay Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

And well we know, in the cool grey eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more!
With "Mary Machree!" and "My Pat! 'tis he!"
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray;
Oh, dear Old Ireland!
Blest Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let us say—
Here's lov'd Old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

T. D. S.

OBITUARY.

Resolutions of the Board of Catholic Orphan Asylums.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums in this city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty in His wisdom to remove from among us our late colleague, Dr. Hugh Sweeny; and

Whereas, His long connection with the Asylums of this city, his earnest and unceasing devotion to their interests, and his indefatigable labor in their belief, claim from us a tribute to his memory; therefore,

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the loss which the Institutions have sustained in his death, and that we make the well merited acknowledgment of his worth and usefulness whilst living.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with his afflicted family in their bereavement, and that an authenticated copy of the foregoing be transmitted to them.

At a subsequent time the following resolutions were also unanimously adopted—viz.:

Resolved, That the managers of the Orphan Asylum hereby express their deep regret at the loss which this Society have sustained in the death of Mr. Owen McCabe, who for so many years devoted himself to the interests of the Asylum and who so truthfully illustrated in his daily life the beauty and holiness of our common religion.

Resolved, That the above resolution be entered in the minutes of the Board and a copy thereof transmitted to the relatives of the deceased.

M. J. O'Donnell,
Secretary.

With deep regret, we have to record the demise of Mrs. Catherine Anne, wife of Thomas Stack, Esq., Williamsburgh, and only daughter of Daniel Kelly, Esq. Surrounded by the clergy and many of her most intimate friends, she resigned her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, on Tuesday, the 5th instant, after suffering with exemplary fortitude for a period of over six months. Her kind disposition, added to a cultivated mind, had secured for her a large circle of acquaintances, and as her worthy pastor, the Rev. S. Malone, in the course of the funeral oration remarked, "she was a good, pious, and devoted child, an affectionate mother, a faithful wife, and a sincere Christian." Devotion to Her, pronounced by the whole Catholic world to be

> "From sin original
> Exempted solely,"

was one of the deceased's leading characteristics; and we are apt to believe—for the great St. Bernard himself has often said, "devotion to the Mother of God is a sure mark of predestination"—that she already enjoys a crown of glory.

Died, on the 3d inst., of disease of the brain, Thomas, the beloved son of Mr. Denis Joyce, of this city, aged 7 years 2 months and 13 days.

A CARD.

The Orphans of the Prince Street Asylum return their grateful thanks to all their kind friends for their remembrance on Christmas Day, and would particularly mention the Messrs. O'Brien, Mr. Charles Devlin, and Mr. Daniel Gilmartin, for their liberal donations: also, the Editors of the Tablet and *Irish American*, for gratuitous insertion of their appeal.

[*For* Business Notices, *see page* 13.]

BROWNSON'S REVIEW FOR JANUARY, 1858.

The Quarterly launches into the New Year with all sails set to gain a wider popularity. It has made several additions to its crew, and increased in buoyancy and attractiveness, without sacrificing an ounce of ballast.

The first article is the beginning of a series entitled "Conversations of our Club," a mythical assemblage of gentlemen differing from each other in nationality, and presided over by one Father John, who seems to have been born before parish registers were enjoined, or at sea, as he is endowed with no national predilections. Father John, however, is an adept in social disputation if we may judge from the portion of his conversation before us, and a type of a class of talkers which we have all met before. He educes unity out of discordant elements, by rejecting portions of each, and reconciling the rest in the clear alembic of his own mind. Every phrase of his is stuffed with conditional terms which go far to prevent *him* from saying anything, and yet suffice to show that others ought to have said less. In the play of words he takes the part which Candlestick does in the children's sport of See-saw—a position in which mediocre abilities may shine successfully, and the circumspection of an intellectual coward pass for superior genius. Speaking historically, he is a lineal descendant of the Greek and Roman reasoners who held that truth lay between extremes, as the middle of a yardstick lies between its extremities. Withal, he sometimes forgets himself and sinks into a slough of muddy expressions which mean nothing—as when he talks of Catholics "laboring to introduce Europeanism as the American order"—a labor which has certainly never been attempted in this country by Catholics, and which the most intelligent of them will fail to understand. We take no exception to this style of remark in the reverend gentleman, but we submit that it is scarcely transparent enough, and rather obstructs the good-natured noodle called "Mister O'Flanagan," who is evidently held from objecting to it by some friend in the background. In running over the "Conversations of our Club" we were particularly struck with the truthfulness and force of the passages showing that "the true should be advanced as fast as the false recedes," in other words, that we gain nothing but lose a great deal in shaming Americans out of Puritanism without making them Catholics; and that it is a universal Catholic interest to disengage the Church from any affiliation with stringent governments, such as that of France. There are many others which the general reader will detect; while the Irish Catholic will not fail to regret that Father John is represented in the Pascal style as "a fine *rotund* specimen of the Monk," and the tongue-tied, and mentally barren Mister O'Flanagan, is doomed to be made absurd, heaven knows how long.

The second article, "England and Naples," is taken up with a contrast between the moral condition of the two countries and is full of facts. Skipping its Italian—which reminds us of the Miss Amelia Novels, and is wholly out of place in view of Dr. Seymour's apparent qualifications—it is a complete knock-down to the blatant bigots who strut in Exeter Hall or bray in the American press. We defy any man to read it and not be convinced that all the talk about Neapolitan Government and Neapolitan Morality is bosh, the veriest, silliest bosh.

The third article, "Common Schools," from the pen of Bishop Spaulding, is a statistical essay on a much debated theme and even more remarkable for some of its disclosures than the paper on England and Naples. Points which Catholic writers in the English language have been accustomed to concede, are shown to have been needlessly granted; and the distinguished writer not only replenishes our armory and corrects our misapprehensions, but temperately discusses the matter at issue. For our own part we would like to see this discussion on the Common School System brought into the daily and weekly press more prominently than it is, and even made a political question where it can be so made. All experience shows that parties are little impressed with a sentiment which takes no form and exerts no actual power. Few organizations have a love for the rights of minorities which would lead them to encumber themselves with unpopular issues; and the alternative seems to be, that we must either bear on without exciting anger by grumbling, or assert ourselves so that we can command respect.

The last article which we have space to notice is on the Church as an Organism, and will please that large class of Dr. Brownson's readers who delight to see him in his most favorite character. It should be read in connection with the previous ones on the same subject, for the writer in many places leaves an hiatus under the impression that his readers may correctly remember the state of a metaphysical discussion involving the nicest discrimination of which the human mind is capable for the space of three, six, or even nine months. This is, no doubt, a mistake; and might have been avoided if the able writer had condescended to sum up the whole question with a short repetition of its different parts. By this means his victory over his courteous antagonist would have been still more striking, the ingenuity of the reader less taxed, and our satisfaction, great as it is, far greater.

THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; or, *Flowers from the Garden of the Liturgy.* By Rev. Wm. Barry. Published by J. P. Walsh, 170 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The author of this much-needed treatise defines sacramentals to be "signs and channels of actual grace, instituted by ecclesiastical authority," as distinguished from sacraments which "are signs and channels of sanctifying or habitual grace, instituted by divine authority," and through this definition, as through a gate, we enter at once into the beautiful garden of the liturgy, so redolent of beauties to a Catholic. If we expect to find every symbol explained, as we pass along, we will be disappointed; but on all those which are most immediately known to us, Father Walsh takes great care to instruct us, both in regard to their origin and application. In doing this he is a most agreeable companion—at times really eloquent, and always edifying.

We hope this book will attain a large circulation. Even the best informed Catholics need to be reminded, in the words of Cardinal Wiseman, "that the lesser ministrations of grace, which seem to us minute and of secondary importance, have their value and efficacy."

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1858.

The first day of the new year—Friday last, was one of the finest for this season, which I have witnessed for a long period. The sun shone out brilliantly, and imparted a large degree of joy to the happy thousands who took occasion to participate in the pleasur of a New Year's Day in Washington.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., the diplomatic corps, dressed in their varied and gaudy uniforms, paid their respects to the President of the United States, and were cordially received by him in the green room of his mansion. Also, Army and Navy officers of the United States.

At 12 o'clock, M., the populace were admitted, but the dense masses that sought an entrance were so great, the front door had to be closed, and only a portion of them, at intervals of about ten minutes, were permitted to enter. In this way, I believe, near one-half the people of the city, in the course of two hours, passed through the main entrance, and out over a temporary causeway, resting on one of the window-sills and the terrace directly opposite to it. Truly, if the multitude, who paid Mr. Buchanan the compliments of the season on that day be an evidence of his great popularity with the masses—and who will say that it is not, then he is the most popular President that has sat in the Executive chair of the nation since the days of General Jackson. The Marine's band was present and performed sweetly.

I dropped in also to see the Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet, all of whom were honored in the same manner as the President. When at the Secretary's of the Interior, the Hon. Jacob Thompson, the concourse was both fashionable and select. His lady, a most beautiful and accomplished specimen of Southern female society, was surrounded by the *elite* of both sexes, between whom sentiments of the kindest regards were expressed and reciprocated. Mr. Thompson is what the French would call a *bon homme*, in features and manners he is a "Greek," i. e. a *Celt*, for he has all that freedom from *hateur* so often assumed by men of small calibre, and of mediocre attainments in *belle lettres* and the refinements of life, that repulse instead of attaching to them the valuable and discerning part of the community. He is one of the most popular public men in Washington.

The Premier, General Cass, "was at home," also. He is as fresh looking and vigorous in his movements as when I first knew him, twenty years ago. One can easily see what his *forte* is in social company, from his fondness for antique memorials, consisting of statuary, paintings and medallions, with which his drawing-rooms are ornamented, and the history of which he delights to communicate to his visitors. It is only one of his acquirements that could exhibit, in this way, so refined a taste for the fine arts.

I met the Secretary of the Navy, also, at his residence, and for the first time made his acquaintance. He is a most amiable gentleman, and as gentle in his manners as a child, yet no one who has watched his career carefully as a statesman can fail to observe the strength of intellect and aptness for great ministerial duties, that underlie his modest and unassuming exterior. He is a consistent Democrat, and as fearless in the discharge of his duties as head of the Navy Department, as he is in the maintenance of those principles which have been the polar star of his political life.

I am glad to see, by the northern papers, that he has stationed Purser Charles Murray at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Murray is one of the most efficient officers of that class in the service, and commands the confidence and respect of the Department.

I fear from what I learn, that there is no immediate prospect of a settlement of the Kansas question, between the President and Senator Douglas, and, consequently, the Democratic party must lose its present consolidated power and character. I am free to say, and I do so with regret, that from the course things are taking, the party will be split up into three factions—viz., a Southern fillibuster faction; a national administration Democratic party; and a "popular sovereignty" party, with Senator Douglas as its leader. The President, it is now understood, will not countenance Mr. Douglas's enabling act; he is opposed to it, from which it seems clear that he intends to "crush out" the "little giant," if the administration can do so. Had the party not better pause before this sad *denouement* occurs?

The fillibuster stock is running up at the South—the people there are absolutely wild on the subject. Gen. Quitman has a bill prepared to repeal the neutrality laws, and allow the brigands, of both sections of the Union, a *carte blanche* for robbing neighboring nations of their national rights. When our citizens were butchered in cold blood, at Sclosshen, and the American steamer, *Caroline*, sent over the falls at Niagara by the British authorities on the Canadian lines, the South set up no such wailings against Mr. Van Buren's administration, as it does now against Mr. Buchanan's, on the score of violating, or suffering to be violated, the laws of nations.

I ought not to overlook, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," the visitation to the hospitable mansion of Governor Seward, of New York. Whatever may be the difference of opinion between him and his Irish adopted fellow-citizens, on particular questions of public policy, he has for them, at all times, a *cead mille failtha*.

Nothing but the most imperative sense of their duty as American citizens could ever find them in an antagonistic position to him on political subjects; but the time seems not far distant when, from causes that are now unfortunately at work on the part of those who ought to know the danger of trifling with the confidence of the ever-confiding sons of the "Emerald Isle," it will be as hard for them to distinguish between Governor Seward for the presidency and other candidates, as between the Dromios of the poet.

The Governor and sister-in-law, Mrs. Worden, were all attention to their visitors and friends, and were lavish in their supply of the viands with which their bounteous table was loaded.

To-day, in the House, Gen. Quitman, Mr. Keitt, and Mr. Stephen, led off on the part of the freebooters, and declared that neither the constitution nor the neutrality laws could prevent American citizens from going on such expeditions. The moral sense of the country must revolt at this new doctrine of the brigands. Suppose we apply the same principles to the States in which those gentlemen live, how would they feel if the abolitionists of the North, or of Great Britain, should make a descent on Georgia, South Carolina or Mississippi? I would suppose they might call on John Bull to put the laws of nations in force against his subjects, and prevent them from making too free with their goods and chattles.

The President will send in a special Message to both Houses on this fillibustering episode on Thursday. He will take even stronger grounds on its merits than what his first Message to Congress contains. Although he cannot excuse Commodore Paulding for going beyond the letter of his instructions, he will touch him very tenderly for it, and thus harmonize in relation thereto with the moral and religious opinion of the public. Mr. Buchanan will and must be sustained by the whole country in defending our national character from the disgrace and dishonor that those reckless men are bringing upon it.

The Hon. J. Glancy Jones, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, defended the President's policy, against the assaults of these gentlemen above-named, in an able and dignified manner. He, however, would not say that he had any authority from the President to express his views on the subject; he thought that he could do that better himself when he should answer the call of the House for the information asked.

I noticed, in his seat in the House yesterday, the Hon. John Kelly. He looks hale and hearty. No man, in that body, is more popular than he, or more deserving of it.

SIGMA.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST CHURCH, TRENTON, N. J.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, through your excellent journal, to give publicity to what will, I am confident, tend to the edification of your numerous readers. Our zealous Pastor, Rev. Mr. Mackin, ever solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to his charge, procured the invaluable services of the Redemptorist Fathers to give a mission to the Catholics of Trenton, and on Thursday evening last the mission terminated, having produced the most salutary results. Indeed, judging from the entire change produced for the better, it has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations—abounding with the most extraordinary graces—stirring up the sinner to penance—and enkindling the fire of divine love in many an icy heart. During the time the mission was being held, many might have been seen each night and morning wending their way, the old and young, feeble and strong, towards the Church. No inclemency of weather could dampen their zeal. At the early hour of half-past four the toll of the bell aroused every Catholic, as if the Archangel himself cited them to come to judgment. So thronged was the Church during the entire mission that it very frequently happened one-half the congregation could not kneel down.

A great number of our dissenting brethren were attentive listeners during the entire exercises, and ten have been regenerated by holy baptism and received into the one fold. Many more whose eyes have been opened are in a fair way to enter the Church, and were it not for the force of external circumstances would inevitably be pressed by self-conviction to abandon the human doctrine which changes as frequently as the moon's phases.

In conclusion, I humbly beseech Divine Providence to preserve the lives of these holy priests, the Redemptorist Fathers.

Truly yours, C.

B. D. KILLIAN, Esq.

THE TEMPTER.

I.

The Tempter has a witching voice
To woo the guileless heart astray,
And Folly's votaries rejoice
To strew with flowers his thorny way:
Beware the Tempter!—power is given
To raise false hopes and gild dark lust,
But Hope's untrue to her grand trust
When leading man away from Heaven.

II.

A Syren sits at Folly's gate,
And softly sings her witching lay,
At early dawn and evening late
She lures the unwary to betray;
Soft is her wreathed smile of sin,
And sweet her southern am'rous breath;
But her smile is woe, and her kiss is death,
And gray decay holds court within.

III.

O! truant soul come back—come back,
While burns the changeless lamp of truth,
Despair and Death are on thy track—
Fast shutting out the path of youth;
Back! back! the lamp of Faith still burns,
Earth's leaden ties may yet be riven;
There's joy through the azure fields of heaven,
Joy when the truant soul returns!

CHICAGO, *Jan.* 2. M. S****

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

MURKERTACH, THE ROYDAMNA.

Nearly a century had past since the royal vault in Clonmacnoise had closed on the mortal remains of Malachy the First. Monarch after monarch had in turn ascended the throne of Ireland, and, like the Merovingian princes of early France, they but flitted like dull shadows across the stage of public life, then sank into all but nameless graves. Some of these princes were personally men of worth and piety, virtuous and edifying in their private lives, but heavy and inert as regarded the affairs of State. Give them but the quiet possession of their fearfully-narrowed domains with the empty title of "King of Tara," and they seem, for the most part, to have desired no more. Occasionally, indeed, we read of an odd skirmish with the Danes of Dublin, of Limerick, or of Waterford, (these having all their separate kings,) or with some unruly chieftain, but in general the kings of Ireland during this long period were men who enjoyed the sweets of idleness, and left the Danes to make the best of the enormous advantages they already possessed.

About the year 917, Donogh, the grandson of Malachy the First, ascended the throne of Ireland, and, according to the alternate succession established between the two great branches of the Hy-Nialls, Murkertach, son of the Monarch Neil Glundubh, was declared heir apparent, or Roydamna. Donogh seems to have been rather more patriotic than many of his predecessors, and did what he could to repel the encroachments of the Northmen. It so happened that between the King and the Roydamna there were frequent bickerings and misunderstandings. Murkertach was, in all respects, one of the greatest Irishmen of his day; generous, high-spirited, brave and patriotic. These qualities, while they secured the respect of others, served but to excite envious feelings on the part of the reigning prince, who, very naturally, regarded his successor with a distrustful eye. Still he was very glad to obtain the powerful assistance of Murkertach in his protracted warfare with the Danes, and the gallant prince of Aileach* was ever ready to sink private feelings and private disputes in the grand enterprise of liberating his country from the iron yoke of the Danes. This appears to have been the object of his life from boyhood up, for in every one of the numerous battles in which we find him engaged, he was invariably defending or avenging his country against the Northmen. In fact, Murkertach was the champion of the Irish of that day, and his chivalrous exploits shed a glory over the reign of Donogh.

The Danes were at that time in possession of the principal cities of the eastern and southern coasts. Dublin was the chief seat of their power, and from its strongly-fortified walls they frequently issued to devastate the country far and near. Unfortunately they were assisted at this particular time by one of the greatest Irish warriors of that age, viz.: Callaghan, the warlike King of Munster, surnamed from the seat of his royalty *Callaghan Cashel*. Had Callaghan been actuated like Murkertach with the noble spirit of patriotism, two such heroes uniting their forces might have freed Ireland forever from the invading Danes, but unhappily there was little of patriotism in the soul of Callaghan Cashel. Brave and bold, active and energetic, he was, nevertheless, selfish and narrow-minded, carried away by a mean and sordid ambition which rendered him incapable of anything generous or disinterested.

If there was one mortal man that Murkertach hated and despised that man was Callaghan Cashel, and it is to be presumed that the latter returned the feeling with interest, the heroic career of the Roydamna being, as it were, a continual reproach to himself in his base and ignoble alliance with the deadly enemies of his country's weal.

Years had passed away after the accession of Donogh, and Murkertach was as yet only known in the land as the Tanist, or heir apparent, when all at once, the Danes united their strength for a grand attack, and led on by the son of the King of Dublin, made an incursion into Ulster, the chief seat of the royal power of Ireland.

* The Roydamnas were so called from the northern palace of the kings in the present Donegal.

News was brought to Murkertach in his far-northern palace that the Danes were advancing into the heart of Ulster, burning and slaying all before them. Then did the generous soul of Murkertach forget all the slights and insults he had received at the hands of Donogh, and, bending his knee before the crucifix, he exclaimed with fervor:

"For the holy faith and Ireland's honor, then, will I forth to meet these fierce marauders. Nor church nor altar shall they despoil in Ulster from this day forward while Murkertach Mac Neill has an arm to defend!—up, my chiefs, up! call in your clans, and let us away before the sun kisses the blue waters of Lough Swilly!"

Chiefs and clansmen were but too well pleased to be led against the destroying Danes who, like an army of locusts, marked their track with ruin, and the call of the noble Roydamna was speedily answered by the brave clans of the far north. Murkertach, finding Donogh unable to take the field so soon, placed himself at once at the head of his cohorts, and presented himself before the Danes when they were least expecting any effective resistance. A fierce encounter ensued, and after several hours' hard fighting, the Northmen were driven to take refuge on a small island or ford, where they managed to keep their position until Godfred, King of Dublin, came to their relief. It is very probable that the chivalrous Roydamna connived at their escape in consideration of their determined bravery. This victory, however, kept the Danes out of Ulster for many a year.

Years passed away, and the Northmen thought it time to make another attempt on the northern province. Having heard nothing of Murkertach for some time they began to hope that the well-known jealousy of Donogh had inflicted some irreparable injury on the prince, which would, at length, detatch him from the national cause. So once more they pushed forward into Ulster, carried all the strongholds which lay in their way, and finally took possession of the passes leading to Loch Erne. The lake was theirs with all its islands and its numerous forts, and thence they were preparing to make incursions on the country round in every direction, when one fine morning, the chief part of their force being drawn up on the lake's shore for a predatory excursion, the scouts on a sudden gave notice that the Irish were advancing rapidly and in great strength. Great was the consternation of the Danes, and greater still was their dismay when Murkertach himself appeared soon after at the head of his saffron-clothed battalions. "Now may the gods of Denmark befriend us!" they cried: here is that terrible Roydamna! Odin and Woden fight for us this day or we are lost!"

The Danes had barely time to form when onward came the Irish with headlong charge, shouting their respective war-cries, and calling on God and His saints for succor.

"Now or never! clans of the north!" cried the gallant prince, as he balanced his spear, and raised his brightly-burnished shield, "now or never, strike for the cross and your native land!—down with the godless heathen, the enemy of Christ and the blessed saints!"

Instantly the gallowglasses swept against the iron ranks of the Northmen, cleaving their way through flesh and bone with their ponderous battle-axes, and after them came the fleet-footed Kerns doing good execution with their slings and arrows. The Danes fought like demons and many a brave champion of the cross went down beneath their furious onslaught, but Murkertach was still there to cheer and animate, to remind the faint-hearted of the sacred cause for which they fought and to encourage all by his own example. Wherever the fight was thickest, there was the Roydamna seen, his tall form conspicuous above the surrounding warriors, and his glittering shield flashing back the rays of the meridian sun. Before that sun had hid his disk behind Lough Erne's waves, the raven banner of Denmark was in the hands of the Irish, their bravest and noblest chieftains slain, and Murkertach was again the victor, and, kneeling on the bloody sward, he humbly returned thanks to God, the Virgin and St. Patrick, for that the pride of the heathen was again brought low and the green hills of Ulster freed for a time (oh! would it were for ever!) from the ruthless thrall of the invader. If a thought of the monarch's heartless ingratitude crossed Murkertach's mind in that hour, the thought was speedily banished! "It is not for him I fight," murmured the high-souled warrior, "it is for God and holy Ireland!"

* * * * * * * * *

After an interval of some five years, the Danes concentrated their forces for another grand effort, and Donogh, the king, alarmed by the exaggerated rumors of their formidable preparations, was constrained to send messengers to Murkertach requesting him to come to his aid with all the forces he could muster. The Roydamna smiled scornfully as he listened to the royal message; the blood rose to his cheek as he thought of certain matters of but recent occurrence, and he said within himself: "Well! were I Donogh MacFlann, I would not send on a begging errand to one of whom I had said such things as he has said of me. But let that pass"—he added aloud:

"Tell Donogh the king that Murkertach Mac Neill will not fail his country in her hour of need. He will understand the message!"

When the two princes met, it was agreed between them that they should not wait for the Danish army to march against them, but proceed at once into their territories and strike a vigorous blow before the enemy was aware of their intentions. So Donogh called together his chiefs and drew out his household troops, then, and for ages after, the finest body of men to be found in any country, while Murkertach mustered the northern clans and brought them with all speed to join the royal army. No such force had been seen in Ulster in that generation, and when the stately cohorts moved away to the sound of trump and pibroch the people's shouts rent the air, and blessings fell from every tongue. Donogh's brow darkened when he heard the name of Murkertach swelling on the breeze, and marked the noble confidence of the prince's mien as he gracefully saluted the applauding multitude, but raising his eyes he saw his own banner with its glorious sunburst waving over the Roydamna's head, and he suppressed his rising anger and said, "Since he is willing to fight beneath my banner, mine will be the glory—let them shout as much as they will, he is doing my work now, and I can pull down his pride hereafter."

That was a glorious campaign for Ireland. That great national army headed by the monarch and the valiant Murkertach marched at once into the Danish country, and the foreigners not being prepared for such a demonstration of strength on the part of Donogh, were everywhere taken by surprise, their fortresses levelled and a vast quantity of spoil taken from them in compensation for their wholesale robberies.

The chronicles tell us that the Irish army laid waste the territories of the Danes from Dublin city to the hill of Mullaghmast, within a circuit of many miles. So terrified, indeed, were the Northmen by the vigorous and well-sustained attack of the Irish that they fled from Dublin about that time, taking refuge in their ships and in the other Danish cities where they hoped to be beyond the reach of Murkertach's strong arm. This series of victories was the more remarkable, because many of the Leinster clans were leagued with the Danes in order to sustain themselves individually against the attacks of their neighbors. Such was the shameful condition of the greater part of Leinster at that day; its tribes and chieftains divided amongst themselves, and all or nearly all in base alliance with the enemies of their country. In Munster the Danes had the powerful and effective aid of Callaghan, "that unruly King of Munster who partaked with the Dane."* The princes of Connaught appear to have stood aloof from the struggle, so that the brunt of the battle fell on the clans of Leath-Conn headed by the monarch and still more effectively by the brave Murkertach, "the Hector of Western Europe," as he is affectionately styled by our old annalists.

And a hero he was, that Hy-Niall prince—a hero in every sense, for not only did he keep the Danes and their native allies in subjection, but also his own passions—a greater triumph still. Not long before the opening of that memorable campaign which he made in company with Donogh, we find him, when smarting under the grievous insults of the monarch, sending him a challenge and putting a stop to the great fair of Tailton, which was always held under the royal patronage. Yet no sooner did the monarch require his aid against the Danes, than he, forgot his own private quarrel, and came at once to the rescue with all his forces. He was, indeed, a man of whom any nation might well be proud.

* *Annals Four Masters*, Vol. II., p. 609.

"Oh, proud were the chieftains of green Inisfail,
The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil.
Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
Yet they were the men in the gap.
And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap,
A's truagh gan oidhir's-a bh-farradh."*

We may imagine Murkertach Mac Neill addressing his assembled clans at the gate of "royal Aileach," when about to lead them on this memorable expedition:

"Rise from your slumbers, sons of the brave,
Eire! demands your blow;
Grasp, at her summons, buckler and glaive,
Onward to meet the foe!
Hark! to the blast of the war-trump shrill!
This day your right ensures;
Up from each valley! down from each hill!
Freedom or Death be yours!

Think on the fields where your fathers bled;
Think how they smote the Dane!
Shame not the graves of your glorious dead;
Strike for your rights again!
Freedom and vengeance both bid you rise,
Start at their stirring call;
Strangers usurp all the blessings you prize,
Oh! like a waterfall!"†

* Pity they're gone, and no heir of their company.
† Ireland, or Erin. ‡ "Spirit of the Nation."

— In our next, THE PALACE OF AILEACH.

THE ARMY OF THE CRUSADERS.

The great army of the Crusaders, commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon, Hugh the Great, brother of Philip I. of France; Bohemond, Prince of Tarento; Robert, Duke of Normandy; Stephen, Count of Chartres; Robert, Count of Flanders, and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, arrived in divisions at Constantinople. Peter the Hermit recrossed the Bosphorus with this mighty armament, which pitched its tents under the walls of Nicea on the 5th of May, 1097. The number of the Crusaders was 600,000 combatants, exclusive of ecclesiastics, women, and children. After having compelled Nicea to capitulate (June 20th), the Crusaders struck their tents, and on the 25th of the same month commenced their march across Asia Minor to Antioch. On the march they won a signal victory over Soliman, who, nowise dismayed by the loss of his capital (Nicea), harassed them with an army of 300,000 men. The hermit shared all the dangers and privations which the Crusaders encountered before reaching Antioch, under whose walls they pitched their tents October 11th, 1097. The autumn rains soon converted the ground on which they were encamped into a mephitic swamp, and their entire strength was terribly reduced by the want of provisions and the diseases that prevailed through the whole winter. Insubordination and discontent were the inevitable consequences of this desolation; and some of the Crusaders are said to have deserted their chiefs. Nevertheless, despite famine and pestilence, the soldiers of the Cross took Antioch by assault June 3d, 1098. The victors, however, were soon afterwards besieged by the Turkish chief Kerboga, who sat down before Antioch with a countless army. Sickness followed the Crusaders into the captured city, and they were on the point of delivering it to Kerboga, on condition that he would allow them to walk out with their baggage and arms, when a priest of Marseilles (Peter Barthelmy) discovered in the church of St. Peter (of Antioch) the lance with which our Saviour's side was pierced. This miracle inflamed the warlike ardor of the Crusaders, who now unanimously declared that they would march against the infidel. The leaders, however, resolved to send Peter the Hermit to Kerboga, to inform him that he should either raise the siege or leave them masters of the city, or accept a single combat with one of the Christian chieftains, or, finally, come to a general action with their entire strength. Kerboga indignantly rejected the proposals, and swore that he would never make any terms with the Crusaders till they had evacuated the city, renounced Christ, and embraced the doctrines of Mahomet. When Peter returned to Antioch with this answer, the Crusaders prepared themselves for battle, after having confessed their sins and fortified their souls with the most Holy Eucharist. The army then marched out of the city in twelve divisions (in commemoration of the twelve apostles), Raymond d'Aargiles carrying the holy lance at the head of the Christian battalions, which were followed by the clergy, chanting "Arise, O Lord, and scatter thy enemies." The Crusaders were persuaded that the angels of heaven were about to fight in their ranks, and nothing could resist the impetuosity of their onfall. The cry, "God wills it! God wills it!" and the blare of the Crusader's trumpets, awoke the ancient echoes of Orontes, and Kerboga foolishly imagined that that fierce array was approaching his lines to solicit favorable terms. But the Christians dashed furiously into his ranks, and mercilessly slaughtered them at every point. When the fight was over, 4,000 Crusaders lay stretched on the bloody plain, but they had slain upwards of 100,000 of the infidels. Kerboga fled, followed by a few companions in arms, across the Euphrates; and so persuaded were the Turks that God had fought on the side of the Christians that thousands of them renounced Islamism, and embraced the religion of the Gospel.—*Sister Mary's Tales.*

A HOMELY HOMILY.—An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing immediately before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here, you might have said it after mature reflection."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—How to preserve health in India.—More money for Havelock.—Grants to Wilson, "Lady" Neill and Mrs. Nicholson.—Meeting in behalf of the Wives and Children of Soldiers in India.—Indian Reform Meeting.—China.—Parliamentary.—An English Atrocity, &c., &c.

LONDON, 18th December, 1857.

The details of the Indian news add nothing of moment to the abstracts received by telegraph. The uncertainty with regard to the fate of Lucknow is just as absolute as ever, notwithstanding the endeavor by letters, which bear every mark of being apocryphal, to cast a faint glimmer of hope over the darkness of Havelock's position. We learn, however, that Sir Colin Campbell very narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the insurgents. Had he been caught he would no doubt have received "all the consideration due to his position." Sir Colin, no doubt, thought the loss of their Commander-in-Chief would be an irreparable one for the English, and on the rumor of the vicinity of the natives, he gave them what is conventionally and expressively termed, "leg-bail." We now look forward to the telegraphic summary of the mails due at Suez to-morrow. It may reach here by Thursday next, and I can assure you that it is awaited more in fear that hope.

Rules for the preservation of health in warm climates have been prepared for the East India Company's service, and issued to the troops in India by the doughty Campbell. They advise the soldiers to keep as cool as possible, to wear dry clothes, take gentle exercise, bathe frequently, sleep soundly, and not drink intoxicating liquors. The English soldiers will find some difficulty in complying with these prescriptions. The Sepoys may oblige them to take a little more exercise that is good for health. Sleeping soundly as well as bathing frequently, may likewise be found impracticable, and India is rather too hot a place at present to admit of keeping cool however frosty one may naturally be. The soldiers have nevertheless an excellent opportunity of imitating Dickens' Mark Tapley, and being "jolly under peculiar circumstances."

Favors which he may never enjoy are still being showered upon Havelock. Alive or dead he will be £1,000 richer; for the Colonelcy of the 3d regiment, known as the Buffs, and mainly composed of "chaw-bacons" of the most animal description, is about to be conferred on him. There is considerable truth in the old saying that "it never rains but it pours."

At a general meeting of East India Proprietors held on Wednesday at the India House the resolutions of the Court of Directors granting annuities to General Wilson of £1,000, to "Lady" Neil and to General Nicholson's mother of £500, each were approved. An amendment that the amount in the case of these ladies should be respectively £750 was lost.

Lord Shaftesbury presided over a meeting held at East Coombe on Monday evening in behalf of the wives and families of soldiers in India. A resolution was passed to the effect that the formation of an association for the purpose of relieving the wives and children of soldiers and sailors who had gone to India was desirable; that it be also of a permanent character for the purpose of watching over the condition of those families when the fathers are removed on service to distant countries. A committee to carry out the resolution was appointed and also to organize a central board in London to receive subscriptions and devise ulterior measures. The first meeting of the committee will take place on Monday. Judging from some of the persons taking part in the meeting, it is easily seen that this association is another proselytizing machine.

A public meeting to consider the subject of Indian reform, was held on Thursday, under the presidency of Lord Bury. Mr. Roebuck addressed the meeting, and after enforcing the necessity of reform in the projected empire of Hindostan, he moved that the system of double government in India has proved alike incompatible with the welfare and happiness of our fellow-subjects in that country, and with the safety and prosperity of the British empire, and therefore it was expedient that a responsible form of government, in the name of the Crown, be established for India. An amendment to the effect that the suppression of the Indian "rebellion" and the redress of Indian grievances can be obtained only by enforcing the penalties upon those *who are alike the authors of both, not in India, but in England,—by restitution* to the native princes and people, the abolition of the Board of Control, &c. The amendment was negatived by a very large majority, *restitution* being, of course, out of the question. The original resolution was passed with an addendum, that the tranquillity and happiness of the Hindoos depend upon the faithful recognition, on the part of the English Government, of ancient treaties entered into with the native princes. The reputation of England with regard to respecting treaties is not such as to give very sanguine hopes of the future happiness of the Hindoos. The addendum further states that, without the abolition of the rate-paying suffrage qualification and the property qualification for members of Parliament, there is no hope of any real reform at home or abroad. A petition to the House of Commons, based on the resolution, was adopted unanimously.

The exact position of things in China may be resumed in two words: *Statu quo.*

Parliament will adjourn to-morrow until the 4th of February, and the royal assent will be given to the Bank Indemnity Bill. The motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a select committee to inquire into the Bank Act of 1844, and of the Scotch and Irish Bank Acts of 1845, was carried by 295 votes against 117 in favor of D'Israeli's amendment. In answer to a question, Sir J. Ramsden stated that the amount of prize-money coming to the officers and soldiers of the Queen's troops in the Crimea was two shillings and sixpence to each officer and sixpence sterling to each soldier. In view of the smallness of the sum no distribution will take place. With reference to India, Mr. Vernon Smith said that prize-money would only be allowed where the treasure is taken from the natives. It remains to be seen whether the Indian war will be even as productive as the Crimean. In reply to a question from Mr. Mills as to whether the attention of Government had been directed to the transportation to the West India Colonies of a certain number of the Sepoys, Mr. Vernon Smith also said that it was a very delicate and important question. It would be very advisable to transport those whose lives should be spared, but the question was where to send them. We can afford to wait for a solution of that question.

We have just had a specimen of English female "Sepoyism" not committed in India but in "Merrie" England. A Mrs. Corre of this city had the hardy cruelty to place the governness of her children, an interesting young French lady, while suffering from typhus fever, and in a speechless and insensible state, in the train to Folkestone. She had previously labelled the poor young creature like a bale of merchandize, addressed to her brother at Amiens, and had given the guard a sovereign to look after the suffering girl!

The Mayo election will take place on the 28th, and that of Wicklow, according to report, on the 29th.

The Annual Office for the repose of the souls of the founders and benefactors of St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin, was celebrated in the Chapel of that Institution on Thursday. The Right Rev. Bishop of Bombay honored the occasion by presiding, and a large number of ecclesiastics were present, as well as the *elite* of Dublin Catholic Society.

As I am about to close, a report is in circulation that the steamship *Vanderbilt* from your city for Southampton and Havre was seen off Cork, disabled.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Re-opening of the Belgian Chambers.—How the "Liberal" party succeeded.—The ESTAFETTE.*—The Muse of the Belgian Window-breakers.—The Publishers of the "Mysteres du Peuple."—Celebration of the Festival of the Immaculate Conception in Naples.—Marseilles.—The* GAZETTE DU MIDI.*—Fidelity of the Native Soldiers in the French possessions in India.—The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Hong Kong.—A Missionary Martyr.—Death of the Bishop of Versailles.—The Midnight Mass, &c., &c.*

PARIS, 17th Dec., 1857.

A short circular addressed to the newly elected members of the Belgian Legislature announces the re-opening of the Chambers on Tuesday. It is stated that the Government will make an official communication to the Legislature. The majority it is said will take that opportunity of making a manifestation in favor of the new Cabinet. They should not, however, be too loud in their manifestations, for their victory was very near being a defeat, which undoubtedly it would have been, had not large numbers of voters abstained from using their right. At Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges, the Conservatives were defeated only by a very small number of votes. In Louvain and Dinant, MM. de Rouckers and Thibaut only wanted *one* vote to be elected. In these five arrondissements four hundred more votes would have given the Conservatives the victory and assured them the parliamentary majority. The fifteen deputies for Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges, and the two who only lost by a single vote would have entirely changed the composition of the parliament had they been elected by the Right instead of by the Left. Now in those arrondissements more than 1,200 electors abstained from voting, while four hundred of them would have turned the balance in favor of the Catholics. Most of those who abstained did so through a feeling of disgust at the conduct of the minority party, others again were deterred from voting by threats and by the immense pressure exercised by the Cabinet.

Informations have been taken against the *gerant* of the *Estafette*, one of our city journals, for an outrage to public and religions morals by publishing several stanzas of a filthy production, published in Belgium, and entitled: *The Song of the Belgian Electors.* I have seen some specimens of the lyric powers of the "Liberals," and they fully bear out the saying that the workman is known by his work. The filthiness of these productions is their only characteristic; they are as devoid of grammar as of wit or decency.

You will remember that the Editor and Publisher of the *Mysteres du Peuple*, one of Sue's last works, were condemned by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine, on the 21st of last September, the former, to one year's imprisonment and 6,000 francs fine for an outrage to public morals and to the Catholic religion, for exciting the citizens to hate and despise each other; for apologizing for deeds qualified as crimes by the criminal law; for attacking the property principle, &c., and the latter to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs as an accomplice. They appeared on Monday last before the Imperial Court of Paris to appeal against the decision of the Correctional Tribunal, which was, however, confirmed.

A correspondent, writing from Naples, under date of 9th December, states that on the 8th were celebrated the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and the anniversary of the 8th Dec., 1856, on which day the King escaped the attempt of a regicide. Ten thousand troops were reviewed and Mass celebrated in the midst of the camp. The Nuncio was present on the occasion. In the morning, the high dignitaries of the city heard Mass in the Church of Saint James. The state of commercial affairs in Naples is highly satisfactory. The financial difficulties experienced in other countries have not as yet been felt there; a striking lesson to those who feigned to look upon the dominions of King Ferdinand as being without the pale of civilization, and a standard by which they may measure their so-called "progress."

I have already spoken of the pomp with which the festival of the 8th December was celebrated in Marseilles, on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument erected in honor of Mary Immaculate. The *Gazette du Midi* says: "Notwithstanding the extra edition of our number of last evening the depots where our journal is sold could not supply the demands of all those who wished to preserve the account of the magnificent festival of the 8th, or to send it to their friends. This morning another edition was exhausted with the same rapidity. The souvenir of that glorious day will long live in the memory of our religious city; the monument, the consecration of which she has witnessed, will tell to the children the zeal and devotion of their parents, and what they have done at all times, to honor her who has been justly named the Protectress of France."

We have news from Pondichery up to the 15th November. The state of things in the French settlements in India continues to be most satisfactory. Since the commencement of the revolution in British India the native troops in the service of France have distinguished themselves by their fidelity. It is reported that in the beginning of the insurrection, the fakirs who acted as the agents of the Bengal insurgents having made propositions to the Sepoys in the French possessions were answered by them, that they were well treated by the French who paid them well, and respected their religion, their families, and their customs.

Letters from China inform us that the French religious, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, have rendered important services to the French Squadron in China. In compliance with the request of Admiral Rigault de Genouilly the good Sisters undertook to make a large quantity of flannel shirts, which the nature of the climate renders absolutely necessary for the sailors, and which it would be impossible otherwise to procure in those regions.

A correspondence published by the *Constitutionnel* states that the report of a French Lazarist Missionary having been put to death by the Imperial troops, who for many years have been besieging Nankin, is unhappily too true. This Missionary had visited Christians in the territory occupied by the rebels, and had naturally adopted their costume. While returning through the Chinese territory he was arrested as a spy by an Imperial patrol and conducted before the military mandarins. They ordered the pious Missionary's baggage to be searched, the rebel costume was discovered, and the Missionary became a martyr.

Monseigneur Gros, Bishop of Versailles, expired on Sunday last, at nine o'clock in the morning. The melancholy news was announced the same evening in all the Churches of Versailles.

The Christmas Midnight Mass will be celebrated this year with the usual ceremonies. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Morlot, will, it is said, officiate pontifically at Notre Dame.

The Roman liturgy will be inaugurated on Easter Sunday in the diocese of Nantes.

M. l'Abbe Dufour, Cure of Cravant, in the diocese of Orleans, has left his parish to enter the congregration of the Oblates, in Marseilles.

The Carmelite Sisters, recently established in the Rue de Messine, are having their Convent enlarged and their Chapel tastefully decorated.

Letters from Jerusalem, dated 11th November, state that the Cupola of Saint Sepulchre threatens to fall to ruins, and that an accident is feared if it be not immediately repaired.

LEEDS CATHOLIC LITERARY INSTITUTION

George Goldie, Esq., of the firm of Hadfield & Goldie, of Sheffield, delivered a highly entertaining and instructive lecture, entitled "The Homes of the Middle Ages," before the members and friends of the above-named institution. Whilst descanting learnedly on the habits, customs, sports, and festivals of the men of merry England in the days when faith was one throughout the land—now the nursing mother of all the heresies—and whilst tracing the history of the changes gradually introduced into one and all, as age to age succeeded, the learned lecturer led his highly pleased audience back in imagination to the days when chivalry and a spirit of freebooting were strangely allied—when in the lofty arched hall the gorgeous festival was spread; as "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" informs us, the pages—

> With ready blade being there,
> The mighty meal to carve and share,

When—

> The Priest having spoken his benison
> O'er ptarmigan and venison,
> The riot and the din arose,
> The hooded hawks high perched on beam,
> The clamor joining with whistling scream.

The position, the fittings, the uses of the different apartments composing the homes of the Middle Ages, the ornaments made for the domestic chapel, and our dear Lady's Oratory, by the nimble and well-skilled fingers of high-born dames and maids of low degree, the relations existing in the ages of faith between the members of the family and their domestics—relations so affectionate, so free, so widely different from those in this our day of formality and stiffness—these and kindred topics were treated of in a manner which, whilst affording a rich and varied treat to the audience, showed that the lecturer was quite familiar with the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, with the changes introduced into the public and private dwellings of the people from time to time, and an admirer of the men who built the lofty arched hall, the massive gateway dispensing freely to retainer and wayfarer the contents of the well-stored granary and the buttery, where many a yeoman bold and free revelled as merrily and well as those that sat in lordly hall.

At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks to Mr. Goldie for his kindness in coming to further the institution was cordially proposed by the President, the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, and unanimously tendered by the audience, which then separated, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

BRADFORD CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening, the 15th ult., the third lecture of the present session was given in the Temperance Hall, Leeds-road, by the Rev. Father Kirby, O.M.I., from the community of Oblate Fathers, Leeds. The Rev. S. D. Wells, spiritual director of the society, occupied the chair, and briefly introduced the lecturer to the meeting. The subject selected was entitled "Protestantism and Catholicity in their relation to civilization and social progress." The Rev. gentleman occupied nearly two hours in the delivery of a most interesting and eloquent lecture, and was repeatedly applauded by a large and admiring audience.

CITY NEWS.

THE NEW MAYOR'S MESSAGE.—Mayor Tiemann sent in his first message to both branches of the city government on Tuesday, the 5th inst. Speaking of the Metropolitan Police Law, he says: "There are provisions in the law, in regard to which well-founded objections are entertained. Among these is the creation of a Board of Commissioners not deriving their appointment from the local authorities of the city, and yet controlling a most important branch of municipal administration. I think it decidedly objectionable that the State government, besides creating the Board and appointing its officers, have also fixed their compensation to be paid out of the city treasury without a right on the part of the people of this city to regulate or control them in any degree; thus the people who pay, and who are best able to determine the value of the service, are precluded from the exercise of a right properly belonging to them, and which should never be yielded." Respecting the Commissioners of Emigration, he says: "This Commission was established in 1847. Since that time 2,500,000 immigrants have arrived at this port, bringing with them, in numerous cases, large amounts of money, *and what is of still greater importance, a vast addition to the active industry of the country.* The Commissioners are bound by law to provide for all immigrants arriving from foreign ports for five years from their arrival from the commutation fund, which is to be made up of the $2 per head paid by the agent or shipowner of the vessel bringing them." We are glad to find Mr. Tiemann is not an advocate of the narrow policy which would vainly and frantically attempt to proscribe a race of hardy and vigorous settlers, on the brainless assumption that their coming here was detrimental to the State. His Honor is also in favor of the erection of a new City Hall, and of going on with the laying out of the Central Park, but recommends that, instead of the work being done under the direction and control of the present officers, that the Mayor and Common Council have the exclusive management of the matter, and bases his suggestion on this: "That as both works are strictly municipal, the Commissioners who execute them should owe their appointment to the city authorities or to the people, who alone bear the expense." On the whole, we have no hesitation in saying that the paper in question is a suggestive, useful, and well-written document, and one which reflects no small share of credit on its author.

THE DESTITUTE.—The space before the Almshouse office in the Park is crowded daily with an immense number of persons seeking outdoor relief. Coal at stated intervals and a little money weekly or every fortnight is what these people usually receive. In consequence of the want of employment the demand on the Governors now is exceedingly heavy. At a recent meeting of the Board an appropriation of $2,000 per week was awarded for the purpose of being given in such small sums as would be deemed most productive of good. Some of the papers argue that as many of the applicants for relief are of cleanly appearance and decent deportment, they are on that account in good circumstances, and consequently unworthy of relief. The fallacy of this argument is apparent at a glance. Poverty, though the most depressing of all other ills, inasmuch as it suggests to persons to think meanly of themselves, is not, we are glad to say, always to be found linked with nastiness and rags. There are those who, under a severe continuation of the deepest misery, still continue to present an outward appearance of comfort and content, and he is but an indifferent judge of human nature who in every case draws his conclusions respecting the pecuniary condition of a family from the appearance of one or the entire of its members. This is more particularly the case in the city of New York where, above all other cities on the face of the globe, appearance alone is regarded, and where the coat is taken as a sufficient indication of the merit or worthlessness of the wearer.

On Saturday last the Police arrested an aged man charged with being a confidence operator. He gave his name as Wm. H. Thompson. His last confidence operation, and one which led to his arrest, was making a purchase of about $600 worth of jewelry, and trying to palm off in payment a worthless check on the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank.

A great number of changes have taken place at the Custom House. More are in contemplation in the course of the month.

COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION.—The Commissioners propose to build an asylum on Ward's Island for the care of lunatic emigrant paupers—a class of patients that have largely increased of late years. Mayor Tiemann, who is a member of the Board by virtue of his office, took his seat at a recent meeting of the body and announced his intention of regularly meeting with the Board.

CITY MORTALITY.—337 deaths took place in this city last week, 43 less than the previous one. In connection with the above we may state that 1,908 Coroners' Inquests were held in the city and county of New York during the past year.

The 43rd anniversary of the battle of New Orleans was celebrated with much *eclat* by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, at Tammany Hall, on the evening of Friday last, the 8th inst. The old wigwam was decorated in the most tasteful and elegant manner. The decorations in the large hall where the celebration came off were truly splendid. One of the most striking features of the decoration was a representation of the battle of New Orleans, which covered a large portion of the wall of one room, and in which the American and English soldiers are represented as being engaged in a fight. Among the guests present were John Van Buren, Captain Hudson of the Niagara, John J. Cisco, W. B. Burnett, Collector Schell, ex-Mayor Mickle, Postmaster Fowler, E. B. Hart, W. C. Wright, late State Comptroller, and a number of others. Letters of apology were read from Gov. Wise of Virginia, Martin Van Buren, Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Mayor Tiemann, ex-Mayor Wood, Jefferson Davis and others.

A notorious character and counterfeiter was arrested by the police of the Twentieth Ward, in the Ninth Avenue, last week, and, on searching his wallet, instead of money a poetical effusion was discovered, of which the following is a copy:

One cold morning as I rose from bed,
The strangest thoughts came in my head;
We had neither fire nor bread—
That day I shall remember.
I resolved not to stand it long,
We must have money, right or wrong;
Our determination that night made me strong—
The balance we remember.

A thoughtless young man, bound to California by the steamer which left here last week, was induced to entrust a $100 bill to the keeping of one of those accommodating gentlemen known to the town by the *sobriquet* of "Confidence Men." Confidence went off, as it were, for the purpose of procuring small bills, desiring his victim to remain where he was until his return. It is of course unnecessary to say that he forgot coming back.

A fellow named Wogan shot two persons last week in James street. One of the victims was quietly standing on the sidewalk engaged in conversation with an acquaintance. Wogan was employed in the capacity of private watchman at the time of the occurrence, and is represented as rather a dangerous character, being lately convicted of arson in the fourth degree, sentence being suspended at the time. An order was made out for his arrest.

Commodore Paulding, who arrested Mr. Filibuster Walker and his band at Puntas Arenas, is a resident of Flatbush, Long Island, and son of Hiram Paulding, one of the three entrepid and faithful continentals who arrested Andre, the British spy, at Tarrytown, during the revolutionary war. The Commodore is over sixty years of age and a man of family.

A fire took place in the early part of last week in the Ward School No. 20, owing to a defect in the construction of the flues. Some three hundred children were in the house at the time, but we are happy to be enabled to state that no disaster occurred to any of them, all being passed out of the building with perfect safety.

Two limbs of the law had an encounter at the Jefferson Police Court on Friday last, in the course of which a pistol and sword-cane were brought into requisition, but notwithstanding such formidable preparations no lives were lost or injury sustained on either side. The whole affair is represented as ridiculous in the extreme.

Several cases of shooting and stabbing are reported, in the morning papers, as having occurred in this and the neighboring city during the past week. Some of those cases have proved fatal.

Mr. Everett will deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music in this city on the 21st inst. Subject: "The Character of Washington."

Wednesday, the 6th inst., being Twelfth Day, or the Feast of the Epiphany, was celebrated in all the Catholic Churches throughout the city. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up at the usual hours, the attendance being most numerous and edifying at the several places of worship.

Beef was sold at a decline of a cent and a cent and a half per pound last market day. Prices ranged at an average of from 7 to 10 1-2 cents per lb. Mutton and lamb were also in good request, the former at from 6 to 8 cents a pound, and the latter at from 8 to 11 cents per pound.

We are glad to find our city authorities contemplate breaking up the various places where bogus tickets are disposed of, and by means of which scores of simple and undesigning country people have been foully robbed.

The police force of New York draw an average pay of $70,000 per month. The men have not as yet received their last month's pay, but steps are being taken to have them paid without delay.

A book-keeper, in the employ of Jonathan C. Robson, hardware merchant, No. 5 Gold street, was arrested on Saturday, charged with stealing $600 worth of nails from his employer.

The Senate, on Thursday last, confirmed Mr. Sedgwick's appointment as United States District Attorney, in place of John M'Keon removed.

A child was suffocated at No. 95 Perry st., recently, in consequence of a pillow falling across its face while asleep.

The Second Avenue Railroad Company has at length decided to run every third car through to Harlem.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

MR. MAGUIRE'S BOOK ON ROME—LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS.—Mr. Maguire has been honored with a letter from his Holiness Pius IX., of which the following is a translation: "Well-beloved Son; Health and Apostolical Benediction—We have lately received your most dutiful letter, dated the 17th day of November last, in which you have been pleased to present to Us a work composed by you in the English language, and published this year in London, with the title, 'Rome, its Ruler, and its Institutions.' Of this work We have been unable to enjoy the perusal, owing to Our extremely imperfect acquaintance with the language in which it is written. Yet, from the statement of persons of the highest character for competency and trustworthiness, who have perused the same work, We learn with peculiar satisfaction that it contains many evidences of your singular devotedness, attachment, and reverence to Us, and towards this Holy See; a circumstance which could not fail to be most gratifying to Our feelings. Therefore, while bestowing Our heartfelt commendation on this noble expression of your sentiments to Us, We return you thanks for the gift; and, as a testimony of Our fatherly love towards you, We impart to you affectionately from Our heart the Apostolic Benediction. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 14th day of December, 1857, in the twelfth year of Our Pontificate."

ST. ALOYSIUS, SOMERSTOWN.—The Redemptorist Fathers, Vaughan, Bridgett, and Doyle, have just brought to a conclusion the mission which they have been giving to this congregation. On the first Wednesday evening of the mission the congregation were invited to make an act of reparation to Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament for all the insults that He received therein. The congregation responded most heartily to the invitation, both on this occasion and on the following Wednesday, when an act of reparation was made to Our Blessed Lady, the Immaculate Mother of God, for all the blasphemous expressions that are uttered against her in this unbelieving country. The closing scene of the mission was very exciting, when the Rev. Fathers gave the Papal Benediction to the assembled crowds, and took an affectionate farewell. About 1,500 persons were admitted to the Sacraments during the mission, and it will be long before the fervent exhortations of the zealous Fathers will be forgotten.—*English paper.*

PASTORAL CHANGES.—The Rev. John Crowe, late Curate of SS. Peter and Paul, in this city, has been appointed Pastor of Carrigaline, in the room of the late Rev. Jeremiah Ryan. The Rev. J. A. Parker, late of Bandon, succeeds to SS. Peter and Paul's. The following changes have been made amongst the Curacies of the rural parishes: Rev. Daniel O'Connell from Carrigaline to Innishannon; Rev. Simon Murphy from Innishannon to Enniskean; Rev. Mr. Bohan from Enniskean to Caheragh; Rev. Daniel Finn from Caheragh to second Chaplaincy of Spike Island; Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan from second Chaplaincy of Spike Island to Tracton; Rev. Mr. Walsh from Tracton to Carrigaline.—*Cork Examiner.* The Rev. John Dunne, C.C., Templetown, has been appointed Parish Priest of Sutton's Parish; and the Rev. W. Roche, C.C., Kiltealy, Parish Priest of Ballindaggin, by the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong.—*Wexford Independent.*

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. P. BYRNE, R.C.C.—A deputation consisting of Carbery Scully, J.P., James O'Connor, Anthony O'Ryan, M.D., Patrick Tehan, Patrick Kenny, and Richard Feehan, Esqrs., proceeded from Carrick-on-Suir to Ardfinan, and presented the Rev. P. Byrne with an admirable address, accompanied by a purse containing 116 sovereigns, to mark the approbation of his sterling worth as a Priest, as an Irishman, and a citizen, during a Missionary career of nearly fourteen years in Carrick. The Rev. gentleman read an eloquent and feeling reply. After the presentation had terminated the deputation were entertained at the hospitable residence of the Rev. Walter Cantwell, the worthy Parish Priest of Ardfinan.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

BALLYHALE.—We have been informed that the Soupers in Ballyhale are perfectly innocuous, and never have made a single pervert; that the people never listen to them; that they are instructed in the pulpit and confessional never to listen to them; and the consequence is that they never do. We wish the people of Kilkenny would follow the example of the people of Ballyhale and never listen to these firebrands.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The Rescript from Rome confirming the appointment of the Very Rev. Dr. Butler, P.P., St. Mary's, to the Deanship of the Cathedral and diocese of Limerick was received by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan. The same Rescript confirms the appointment of the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan to the pastorship of Newcastle, vacant by the death of the late Dean Coll. These appointments, confirmed as they are by the Holy See, will be hailed with universal satisfaction by the clergy and laity of the diocese of Limerick.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The Sisters of Charity, North William street, Dublin, most gratefully acknowledge to have received, through the Rev. Canon Pope, the sum of £250, left by the late James Kearney, Esq., Culmoylin, county Meath, for the enlargement of their schools, and for the other works of charity in which the Sisters are engaged.

Rev. Dr. Russell, of St. Saviour's, begs to acknowledge the receipt of £5 from Michael Cahill, Esq., county Kilkenny, towards the relief of the sufferers from yellow fever in Lisbon.

Domestic.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—The Missouri *Democrat* relates the following melancholy disaster by which a good priest and two or three of his companions lost their lives: "A skiff which left Kansas City, recently, containing Father Duerinck, of the Catholic Mission; D. J. F. Smith, of Leavenworth City; Mr. Patterson, of Nebraska, formerly of Indiana; Mr. Sears, of Lincoln County, Indiana, and a gentleman, a resident of Manhattan, Kansas, name unknown, from Belfast, Maine, on his way East to bring his family to the Territory, when about 25 miles from Kansas City, between Wayne City and Liberty, struck a snag and was capsized, throwing the whole party into the river. Mr. Smith and Mr. Sears succeeded in retaining their hold upon the boat until she drifted on a sand bar. The balance of the party named, with all their baggage, were lost. The bodies had not been recovered, though search had been made. Father Duerinck was a prominent gentleman at the Mission, and was highly respected for his amiable and Christian-like deportment, and his loss will be deeply felt."

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—On Monday, 28th ultimo, the following young ladies pronounced their solemn vows. Miss Louise Curtin (S. M. Louise, Josephine), Miss Ellen Purcill (S. M. Juliana Josephine), Miss Margaret Myron (S. M. Scholastica Bernard), Miss Kate Sullivan (S. M. Jerome), Miss Kate Lynch (S. M. Christiana). Very Rev. Wm. O'Reilly, Adm., officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. J. Sheridan.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received several letters in relation to the postage on the TABLET, to all of which we give this general answer: the postage on the TABLET to any part of the United States under 3,000 miles from New York, 26 cents a year payable quarterly in advance. If not paid in advance Postmasters can charge one cent a copy. Subscribers when paying in advance will see that the Postmaster puts their names on his books. Subscribers should also call at the Post Office regularly for their papers; if not, the Postmaster is obliged to send them back to the office of publication, as will be seen by the following order:

The Postmaster General has recently decided that if Postmasters do not give publishers of newspapers notice that their papers remain in the Post Office, without being taken out by the subscribers, within five weeks, they are liable for pay.

Our Collector, Mr. James McGee, will call on those of our Brooklyn Subscribers indebted to us. They will, we hope, be ready to meet their Bills.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan, who is on a tour of business through Canada West, is authorized to canvass and collect subscriptions for the TABLET.

Our Subscribers in Chicago, Ill., will please hand the amount of their indebtedness to our Agent, Mr. John Graham.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WINTER CARE OF STOCK.

We copy the following from the Irish *Farmer's Gazette:*

1. *Regularity.*—The stated hours of feeding must be regularly adhered to, and no deviation ought to be allowed. Cattle very soon know the time when they ought to receive their allowances of food; and if it passes without bringing the expected supply, they get restless, and express their uneasiness by loud bellowings.

2. *Cleanliness.*—From an examination of cow houses or cattle sheds, in general, we would be led to imagine that cattle are naturally dirty, and that their owners, therefore, consider that the most profitable mode of keeping them is to pay as little attention to cleanliness as possible. The cow houses ought to be cleaned out twice every day, and plenty of litter allowed for the cattle to lie upon. The troughs ought to be kept always sweet and clean; and, for this purpose, the feeder must remove all unconsumed food, whether turnips or straw, previous to giving a fresh supply, wiping out the troughs with a wisp of straw.

3 *Quiet.*—This is the most important point, and so much ought it to be attended to, that the cleaning of the houses should never be done while the cattle are eating their turnips, neither ought the curry comb (which ought to be used on all feeding or milch cattle, or on such as are constantly tied up,) be applied whilst the animals are feeding; nor should they be disturbed after they have lain down to undergo this process. Immediately after being fed, and before they lie down, is the best time to clean out the houses and curry the cattle; and whenever this is over let the door be closed, and the cattle left to enjoy quiet until the next feeding time comes round.

4. *Ventilation.*—Warmth is essentially necessary to the health of the milch cows and fattening cattle; but this must not be the stifling heat of an ill ventilated barn. Many diseases are caused by want of attention to ventilation. At the same time, cattle must not be exposed to a draft of cold air. The best ventilator is one rising two feet above the ridge of the roof. The heated air will ascend to and escape through this ventilator, a current, but not a draft, being kept up by means of small openings in the walls at the ground, sloping upwards, and covered with gratings. Young cattle in sheds, and having access to straw yards, of course, do not require ventilators; all that is necessary is to protect the straw yards from cold winds, by means of sufficient wall, where the yards are not protected by the surrounding houses.

TURNIPS FOR PIGS.

This crop is more generally fed to cattle and sheep than to swine. For store pigs it makes a cheap and excellent feed. Our practice is to boil a large kettleful of them, and while boiling hot to mix in enough cob meal with them to make a thick mush. They thrive remarkably well on this article, and seem to do quite as well as if fed on cob meal alone. A root diet is much better for growing pigs than pure corn meal.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COTTON.—Under the influence of the Atlantic's news the market has advanced ½c.; prices are as yet unsettled.

COFFEE.—There is a better inquiry at very steady prices; sales of 1,000 bags Rio, in lots, at 8¦@11½c., and 200 mats Java at 16c.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little variation to notice in our market for Western Canal Flour; the demand is mainly for the home trade; the extreme rates asked limit transactions for export; the arrivals are moderate and the market closes steady; the sales are 7,000 bbls. at $4 30@$4 35 for common to good State; $4 55@$4 75 for extra do.; $4 30@$4 40 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 55@$5 25 for extra do.; $4 70@$5 25 for common to good extra Ohio; $5 25@$6 50 for good to choice do.; $5 25@$7 25 for St. Louis brands; and $5 30@$7 50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is well held; arrivals moderate; the sales are 500 bbls. at $4 55@$4 45 for superfine, and $4 65@$6 for extra brands. Southern Flour is offered less freely; prices are, however, without change; the demand is more general and the arrivals moderate.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat is rather more active, but mainly for milling, and at full prices. Exporters are in market, but at prices below the view of buyers, and prices of Spring Wheat are nominal.

HIDES.—There has been considerable more doing in Hides lately, but as the stock is ample, prices show no improvement. The transactions comprise 1,000 Buenos Ayres, average 21½ lb., at 20c., 1,000 Orinoco, average 20 lb, at 17c.; 1,058 Truxillo, average 18 lb., at 16½c., usual selections; 3,600 Dry African, 10 lb. average, at 18c., all 6 mos.; 714 Dry Rio Hache, 21 lb. average, at 15c., rejecting bad Hides, less 6 ₱ cent. cash; 5,500 California at 16½c.; 2,000 Barcelona and 2,800 Laguna on terms we did not learn; also 1,000 City Slaughter at 5¦@5c., and 1,200 do. Butchers' Association at 7c., both cash.

HAY.—A fair demand for shipping, and the market is quite firm; sales of 700 bales at 60@70c., ₱ 100 lb.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork is fair and the market is firmer; the supply is reduced; the sales are 320 bbls. at $14 56@$14 62½ for old Mess; $15@$15 25 for new do.; and $12 50 for Prime. Beef is in moderate request but firm; sales of 200 bbls. at $5 75@$6 50 for Country Prime; $9@$10 for Country do.; $10@$12 50 for Repacked Western Mess; and $13@$14 for extra do. Prime Mess is quiet at $18@$24. Beef Hams are firm; sales of 30 bbls. at 14@16c. Bacon is very quiet at 7½@9c. Cut Meats are steady; sales of 60 hhds. at 8¦@8½c. for Hams and 6@6¦c. for Shoulders. Lard is firmer and in fair demand; sales of 450 bbls. and tcs. at 8¦@9¦c., and 600 kegs at 10½@11c. Dressed Hogs are in demand at 6¦@6½c. Butter is firm and in fair request at 11@17c. for Ohio and 14@21c. for State. Cheese is saleable at 6¦@8c.

RICE is without change; there was a little inquiry for shipment, but with no sales; the transactions are 100 tcs. at $8@$8 50 ₱ 100 lb.

SUGARS.—The market is heavy; the transactions include 16 hhds. Porto Rico at 7c.; 143 hhds. New Orleans at 5¦@6½c.; 200 do. Melada at 3¦c., and 1,400 boxes Havana on private terms. By auction, 257 hhds. prime New Orleans at 5¦@7c., 90 days and 4 months.

SKINS.—There is a little more inquiry for Chagres Deer, but the market is by no means active. Stocks of all kinds are ample and prices favor the buyer. We notice sales of 1,600 lb Chagres Deer at 25c., less 5 ₱ cent cash.

WHISKEY.—The market is firm; the demand fair; sales of 750 bbls. at 21@21½c.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10.

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St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes.

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ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.	

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$175
Commercial " " "	150

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $30 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.

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ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

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Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

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ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

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OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT TKELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
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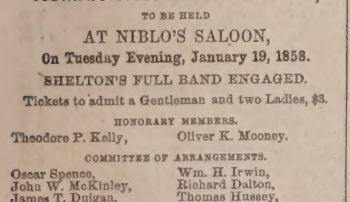

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